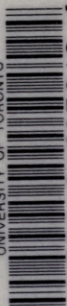


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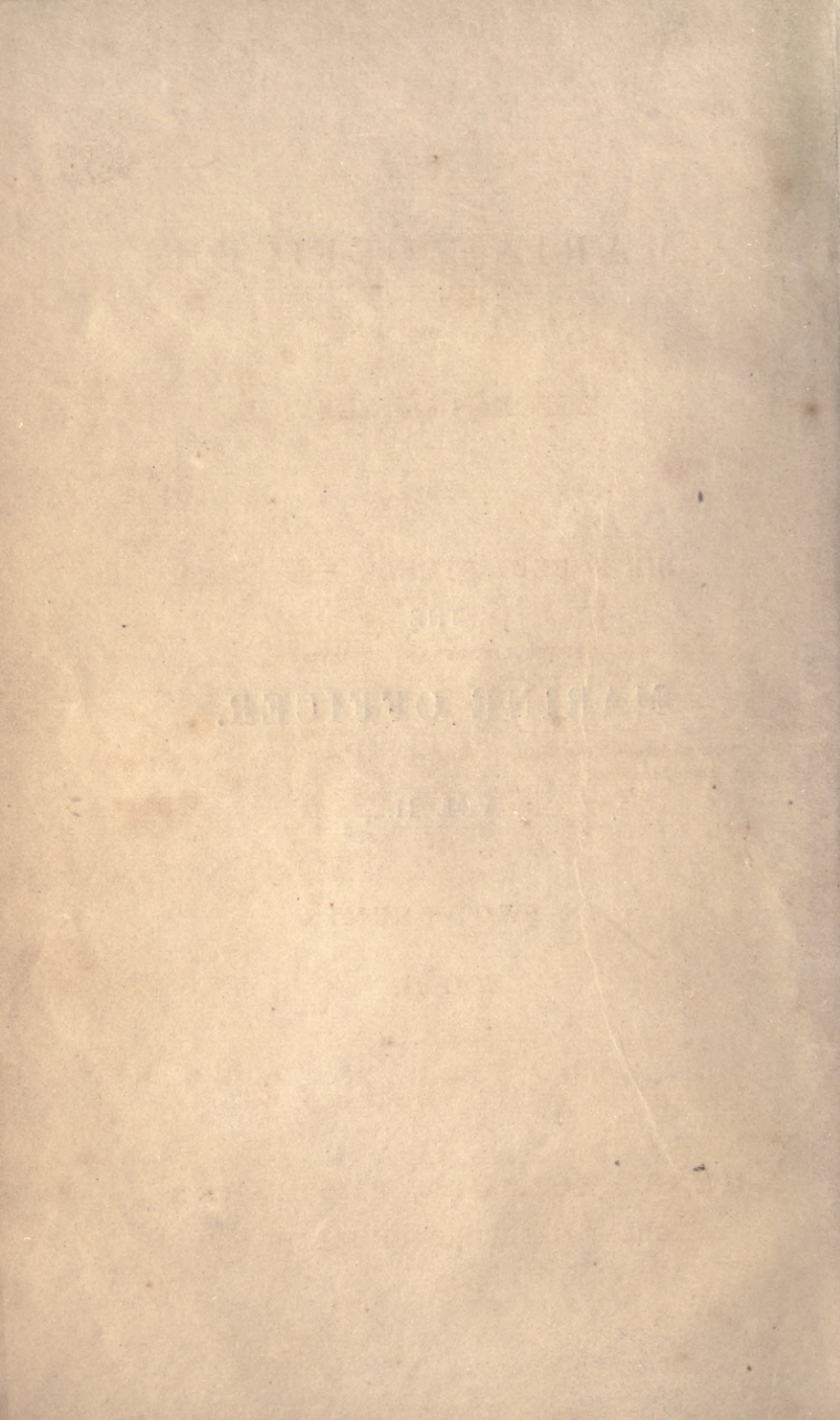
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THE
MARINE OFFICER.

VOL. II.



THE
MARINE OFFICER;
OR,
SKETCHES OF SERVICE.

BY
SIR ROBERT STEELE, KNT., K.C.S.,

DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF DORSET.

"Our marines have marched across deserts—have raised batteries—have stormed
and taken towns."

Lord Palmerston's Speech in the House of Commons.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
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1840.



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THE MARINE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

Adair, Victory's Captain of Marines—Lord Collingwood's Despatch on the Battle of Trafalgar—Jeannette Jacqueline, the French Heroine—State of the Navy—Funeral of Lord Nelson.

IN twining the cypress round the tomb of Nelson, a spray should be given to "Adair," the Victory's Captain of Marines.

I here subjoin the official letter of the second in command: first, because it is a beautiful composition; and, secondly, because it is necessary to correct some mistakes in its details. We have already disposed of the double convex line, or "crescent convexing to leeward." The story of

the “*Teméraire* being boarded by a French ship on one side, and a Spanish on the other, and the vigorous contest which ended in the combined ensigns being torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places” —was also a disorder of the brain. No such event occurred ; and as to His Excellency Admiral Alava being dead of his wounds, (as I have already mentioned,) we dined frequently together ten years afterwards at Cadiz.

But these are venial inaccuracies, and are forgotten in our admiration of the modesty with which Collingwood speaks of his own ship, the *Royal Sovereign*. “The Commander-in-Chief in the *Victory* led the weather column, and the *Royal Sovereign*, which bore my flag, the lee.” This is all he says, although the *Royal Sovereign* was not only engaged *alone* for a considerable time, but her example was the admiration and imitation of the whole fleet, and her loss in killed and wounded very heavy.

(Copy.) *Admiral COLLINGWOOD'S Despatch,*

“*Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar,*

“ SIR,

Oct. 22, 1805.

“The ever-to-be-lamented death of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory, leaves

to me the duty of informing my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 19th instant it was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the combined fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light winds westerly, his Lordship concluded their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Straits' entrance, with the British squadron, consisting of twenty-seven ships, three of them sixty-fours, where his Lordship was informed by Captain Blackwood (whose vigilance in watching and giving notice of the enemy's movements has been highly meritorious) that they had not yet passed the Straits. On Monday, the 21st instant, at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S. about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light. The Commander-in-Chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they are formed in order of sailing; a mode of attack his Lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships, (of which eighteen were French, and fifteen Spanish,) com-

manded by Admiral Villeneuve ; the Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, were with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great coolness and correctness : but as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new : it formed a crescent convexing to leeward, so that, in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of the second a-head and a-stern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them ; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the *Bucentaure* in the centre, and the *Prince of Asturias* bore Gravina's flag in the rear, but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any regard to order of national squadron. As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the flag officers and captains, few signals were necessary ; and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The Commander-in-Chief, in the *Victory*, led the weather column, and the *Royal Sovereign*, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at 12 o'clock,

by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line; the Commander-in-Chief about the tenth ship from the van, the second in command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied, the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, a-stern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. The conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack of them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to grant his Majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. About 3 P. M. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way; Admiral Gravina with ten ships, joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and, standing to the southward to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken; the others went off, leaving to his Majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line, (of which two are first-rates, the *Santisima Trinidad*, and the *Santa Anna*,) with three flag-officers, viz.—Admiral Villeneuve, the Commander-in-Chief; Don Ignatio Maria d'Alava, Vice-Admiral; and the Spanish Rear-Admiral,

Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros. After such a victory, it may appear unnecessary to enter into encomiums on the particular parts taken by the several commanders ; the conclusion says more on the subject than I have language to express ; the spirit which animated all was the same : when all exert themselves zealously in their country's service, all deserve that their high merits should stand recorded ; and never was high merit more conspicuous than in the battle I have described. The Achille, (a French seventy-four,) after having surrendered, by some mismanagement of the Frenchmen, took fire, and blew up ; 200 of her men were saved by the tenders. A circumstance occurred during the action which so strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen, when engaging the enemies of their country, that I cannot resist the pleasure I have in making it known to their Lordships. The Teméraire was boarded, by accident or design, by a French ship on one side and a Spaniard on the other : the contest was vigorous, but, in the end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places.

“Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to

lament, in common with the British navy and the British nation, in the fall of the Commander-in-chief, the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country ; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years' intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection ; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring that consolation which perhaps it ought.

“ His lordship received a musket-ball in his left breast about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell, and soon after expired. I have also to lament the loss of those excellent officers, Captains Duff, of the Mars, and Cook, of the Bellerophon : I have yet heard of none others. I fear the numbers that have fallen will be found very great, when the returns come to me ; but, it having blown a gale of wind ever since the action, I have not yet had it in my power to collect any reports from the ships.

“ The Royal Sovereign having lost her masts, except the tottering foremast, I called the Euryalus to me while the action continued ; which ship,

lying within hail, made my signals, a service Captain Blackwood performed with great attention. After the action, I shifted my flag to her, that I might more easily communicate my orders to, and collect the ships, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to leeward.

“ The whole fleet were now in a perilous situation ; many dismasted, all shattered, in thirteen-fathom water, off the shoals of Trafalgar ; and, when I made signal to prepare to anchor, five of the ships had not an anchor to let go, their cables being shot. But the same good Providence which aided us through such a day preserved us in the night, by the wind shifting a few points, and drifting the ships off the land, except four of the captured dismasted ships which are now at anchor off Trafalgar, and I hope will ride safe until these gales are over.

“ Having thus detailed the proceedings of the fleet on this occasion, I beg to congratulate their Lordships on a victory which I hope will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty’s crown, and be attended with public benefit to our country.

“ I am, &c.

“ C. COLLINGWOOD.

“ P.S. I have taken Admiral Villeneuve into this ship. Vice-Admiral Alava is dead.”

When Admiral Collingwood wished to fulfil Nelson's dying admonition "to anchor," it was found that those ships which were in the greatest peril, from having lost their masts, had neither anchors nor cables, they having been shot away or cut to pieces in the action. So that the danger, during the violent gale of wind which succeeded, was greater to the crippled ships than the battle itself; and most of our prizes were destroyed. It was not till the 28th of October that the Victory, towed by the Neptune, arrived at Gibraltar.

As soon as it was possible to patch up the ship to bear the voyage, and which, by great exertion, was done by the 3rd of November, we sailed for England, and, after a stormy and protracted passage, the Victory, with her weeping flags, anchored at St. Helens on the 4th of December. In crossing the Bay of Biscay we had very bad weather, and the wind was constantly heading us; which the sailors ascribed to a corpse being on board, and some of them supposed, that till the noble Admiral was buried (as they thought he ought to be) in his own empire, the Ocean, with due honours, we should never pass the chops of the Channel. The Admiral's venerated remains, after having undergone a post-mortem examination, were put

into a cask of spirits, and placed with a centinel over them, in the steerage cabin.

During our dreary passage home many were the anecdotes told of accidents, and dreadful deaths, which occurred on board the fleet on the memorable 21st; but there was something so marvellous, if not miraculous, in the story of the lovely *Jeannette Jacqueline*, who was on board the enemy's ship *l'Achille*, of seventy-four guns, when she took fire and afterwards blew up, that it has haunted me at times ever since. It made such an impression upon my mind, that in a dream I have seen the helpless *Jeannette*, hanging by the rudder, with the melted lead dropping on her; I have heard her scream of anguish, and stretched out my hand to save her; and, suddenly waking, found it was but the vision of the horrid scene. *Jeannette Jacqueline* was young, beautiful, and brave, and so fond of her sailor-lover, that she resolved to go with him to sea. During the action she had been employed in handing the powder from the magazine for the service of the guns. It was not, therefore, till the upper part of the ship was already in flames that she and a few others with her, hearing the cry of "Fire! fire!" endeavoured to rush to the upper deck. But the ladders were

burning, and the smoke issuing in black volumes through the hatchways would suffocate them. It was impossible to pass: in dismay they hurried down to the gun-room, where they remained while the upper part of the ship was consumed; and gradually as deck after deck gave way, the guns came tumbling through with terrible crash and havoc. In this last extremity, she found herself the only remaining person; for the others, expecting the ship every instant to blow up, as the flames were reaching the magazine, had jumped overboard.—Poor Jeannette, all alone, undressed herself, crept out of the stern port-hole of the gun-room, and clasped the rudder-chain. There, with her eyes raised to heaven, she awaited the dreadful explosion, which might separate the rudder from the ship; and, if she were not killed, it might, she thought, make a sort of raft for her to cling to. But, even this reed, at which she had caught, broke in her hand. The lead from the poop, melted by the flames, ran down like burning lava on her; every drop pierced like a ball of fire, and, her agony being insupportable, she fell into the sea. The pang of the boiling lead was thus assuaged, and the tenacity of life revived. She grasped a piece of cork that was near her as she sunk,

pressed it to her bosom, and she floated above the wave ! In this forlorn condition, impossible alike to be imagined or described, the shot from the guns now heated on the lower deck of the *Achille*, and which all went off, seemed destined to put an end to her sufferings, when, with tremendous roar, the ship blew up, and Jeannette was in the midst of spars and pieces of wreck ! By the dissolution of the ship, however, many were saved who were struggling in the water, and a good swimmer gave Jeannette a plank, on which she clung, till a cutter of the *Belleisle*, picked her up and rescued her from the jaws of death ! As the English seamen lifted Jeannette into the boat, although nothing could appal them in battle, they felt alarmed, and stared between fear, admiration, and astonishment. A creature so divinely handsome, handsome as Canova's *Venus*, her rich dark hair falling like a veil, and with its luxuriant folds covering her to the feet ! Who — what could she be ? Was it a mermaid ? Or might she not be the daughter of the Danube, carried away by the swelling of her native streams, and having fallen into the Black Sea, was lost in the Atlantic ? As she lay scarce breathing on the floor of the barge, the Lieutenant covered her with his clothes ; and,

on her being put on board the *Belleisle*, she was sufficiently recovered to recognise her husband, who had also been providentially preserved, and to whom she exclaimed, as she fell weeping on his bosom, "Mon ami, mon ami, how true it is ! the brave English but conquer to save."

While we remained at St. Helens, we received the congratulations and the condolence of our friends, and the opinion of the country on the Battle of Trafalgar. The glory and the calamity, they said, like the Angels of Mercy and Affliction, travelled together ; and indeed Britannia so deeply mourned her hero, that she could hardly be said to exult at her victory, opportune and necessary as it was, as a counterpoise to the treason at Ulm, and the triumph of the arch-enemy at Austerlitz.

Independently of these great events, which almost entirely engrossed the public attention, there were three incidents, amongst many others, that produced a considerable sensation in the maritime world. First, an acting commander in the service, Lord Camelford, had, at Antigua, shot a first Lieutenant dead on the spot, by way of disposing of a question of seniority, assumed by Lieutenant Peters, and for which deed his Lordship had been "honourably acquitted " by his professional peers,

who sat upon his court-martial in the West Indies. Second, a seaman belonging to the *Theseus*, at Chatham, named John Arthur, had been flogged to death on board that ship, by order of a Captain Temple, against whom a solemn verdict of "wilful murder" was returned by the jury, who had the victim's body disinterred. And third, an action had been brought in the Court of King's Bench, by a man called Paine, against the captain of the *Egyptienne* frigate, for impressment against protection, and flogging against humanity, who obtained 300*l.* damages.

These pleasant specimens of the state of the Navy were canvassed over and over again, till the 10th inst., when we weighed and sailed for the river. On the 22nd, as we were crossing the flats from Margate, we were boarded by the Commissioners' yacht from Portsmouth, which had been sent by the Lords of the Admiralty to receive Lord Nelson's body and carry it to Greenwich. It would be difficult to describe the scene on board when those adored remains were put into the coffin, which had been made out of the main-mast of the "*Orient*" (blown up at the Nile and given to him by his friend Hallowell six years before), and lowered into the yacht ; or the general sorrow

when his flag, which had descended since his death mournfully to half-mast, was struck on board the Victory for ever.

The yacht proceeded to the river, receiving from every battery the honours due to its noble freight. At two P. M. on the 24th she anchored off Greenwich, and, on Christmas Eve, the body of Nelson was landed at the central gate of the Royal Hospital, *in solemn silence*, amidst a vast concourse of people.

“Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise !”

On the 5th of January, 1806, the great hall of that magnificent pile, Greenwich Hospital, was thrown open to the public, when there, in all the solemnity of state, lay what remained of Nelson of the Nile. The nation, fond of sights, but fonder still of him, assembled in myriads round his bier. Some indeed stepped into the chamber of death, for they were crushed in the crowd and perished. It were vain to attempt to describe all the pomp which surrounded the departed Hero of Trafalgar. His own heraldic honours, achievements, and motto—“The laurel to him who deserves it;”—the legend of the most honourable order of the Bath; the aigrette of diamonds from the Ottoman; the grand cordon of Merit, and ensigns of his Duke-

dom from Sicily ;—all hung upon his coffin, at the foot of which sat his chaplain, in deep but unavailing sorrow ;—black velvet to represent the gloom of the grave ; hundreds of lights to mimic his firmament of fame ; mute mourners, and mourners who were heard in their lamentations, stood round about, above, and below.

On the 8th the procession on the river proceeded, and the body of Nelson once again, and for the last time floated upon the waters. The destination of the procession was the Admiralty ; and, as it passed the forest of masts upon the Thames, flags of every nation were bowed down, and the yards of the ships were manned and lowered ; while the heavy bells of the steeples wailed upon the wind. Before day-break on the 9th the household troops, battalions of marines, detachments from the fleet, regiments of the line, and brigades of artillery, occupied the environs, and lined the streets from the Admiralty to the cathedral of St. Paul, under whose dome Nelson reposes. The heir apparent to the throne, the Royal Dukes, the nobility, the clergy, the gentry, the judges, and the *whole people*, all in the mighty metropolis of the world, came forth to follow him to his tomb.

He rose like the sun, in the east, at the battle

of Aboukir; and, like the sun too, after a summer's day of glory, he set in the west at the battle of Trafalgar, leaving the heavens in a blaze as he went down, and in darkness when he had descended!

On his coffin was written—

DEPOSITUM.

THE MOST NOBLE LORD HORATIO NELSON,

VISCOUNT AND BARON NELSON OF THE NILE,

AND OF

BURNHAM THORP, IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK,

BARON NELSON OF HILBOROUGH, IN THE SAID COUNTY,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH,

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE SQUADRON OF THE FLEET;

AND

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS IN THE

MEDITERRANEAN;

ALSO

DUKE OF BRONTE IN SICILY;

KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE SICILIAN ORDER OF

ST. FERDINAND,

MEMBER OF THE OTTOMAN ORDER OF THE CRESCENT,

AND

KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOACHIM.

BORN SEPTEMBER 29, 1758.

AFTER A SERIES OF TRANSCENDENT AND HEROIC SERVICES, THIS GALLANT ADMIRAL
FELL GLORIOUSLY IN THE MOMENT OF A BRILLIANT AND DECISIVE VICTORY OVER THE
COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN,

OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR,

ON THE 21st OCTOBER, 1805.

The battle of Trafalgar finally decided our dominion on the seas : it dropped the curtain on the farce of invasion ; under its influence the nations of Europe recovered their panic after the overthrow at Austerlitz ; and if the sceptre on the continent seemed confirmed to Napoleon, the trident of the sea had evidently become Britannia's for ever. All the vauntings and poetical paintings, all comparisons between the Boulogne flotilla and the Spanish Armada, were now become ridiculous or forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Deaths of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox—Retrospective glance—Ellenborough's Maiming Act—General Picton and Louisa Calderon—Lisbon—Portuguese Portrait of Portuguese Beauty—Recruiting in Manchester and Liverpool—Expedition to Denmark—Despatch of Sir Sidney Smith on the departure of the Braganza Family from the Tagus—Affair of the Chesapeake.

NELSON'S ashes were hardly cold when the public generally, and politicians and placemen, in particular, were excited anew by the deaths, within a very short time, of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, the Cicero and Demosthenes of modern times. These statesmen, the second sons, respectively, of Lords Chatham and Holland, died in the same stations of private life in which they were born; for, although they held great offices of state and had bestowed dignities, titles, and orders upon many others, they did nothing for themselves,

and, after a stormy life of political hostility, their manes repose, within a few feet of each other, in Westminster Abbey. The star of Mr. Pitt's ascendancy was waning at his death. His unfortunate coalitions with the European powers, and the denunciation of his colleague and confederate Lord Melville (whom he could no longer screen from public exposure and merited disgrace), aggravated his illness and hastened his death. Mr. Fox did not live long enough after he had succeeded his rival in office to do more than manifest his desire for peace, and send Ministers in a sort of leap-frog to Paris, who, after being humbugged by Talleyrand, and treated *de haut en bas* by the new Emperor, returned pretty much as they went.

In casting a retrospective glance at the occurrences of those bygone days, how one shudders at the domestic part of the picture, when sanguinary executions were of continual occurrence ! The pages of the statute-book were at that period written in blood, and persecution, prosecution, and death were the order of the day. Men were hung up for minor offences, like a string of sparrows ; and to crown all came Lord Ellenborough's act against " maiming with an *intent* to kill"—as if any *earthly* judge or jury can tell what

passes in the mind of another, or what his *intention* may be ! But even in the midst of these excesses there was a point not to be overstepped with impunity ; and on its being known that a British General had inflicted the torture on a girl in the island of Trinidad, public indignation raised its voice ; an indictment was preferred against him in the Court of King's Bench, and the facts of the case having been proved, a verdict of guilty was returned by the jury. It was urged in extenuation, that he only executed the Spanish law, which was in force on the island. But that did not avail him ; his character was stained ; there was that one "damned spot ;" there was the smell of torture still, and "all the perfumes of Arabia" could not sweeten him.

Napoleon had now got all his steam up ; his power was at its highest pressure ; he had put his brothers upon several of the thrones of Europe ; dissolved the German Empire ; consolidated the confederation of the Rhine ; and was ready to pounce on Portugal, when the Earl of St. Vincent, who then commanded the Channel fleet, was directed by government to proceed to Lisbon, with an offer of assistance in men, arms, and money.

The provisions of an old treaty prevented more

than six sail of the line from being in the Tagus together. His lordship therefore selected that number from his fine fleet, and, having ordered the rest to cruize off the mouth of the river, *anchored abreast of Lisbon*.

Lisbon in those days was a novelty. It has since been occupied by our troops, visited by our tourists or travelling gentlemen, sung by our poets, described by so many pens, sketched by so many pencils, that nothing is left to say or sing of it that has not been said or sung before.

Everybody is enchanted by the magnificence of the river and its yellow or golden sands, and the site of the town, on its seven hills, which is more favourable to health, cleanliness (if they would), and beauty, than any capital in Christendom. The *first* look of a foreign town is to the eye what its strange language is to the ear,—confused and unintelligible ; but by degrees you become familiarized to both, and by slow degrees comprehend them.

The unrivalled charm of Portugal is unquestionably its climate, which is heightened by the warmth of its poetry, its chivalrous romance, and the sweetness of its music. It is delicious to land, and wander by the wild myrtle, or repose in the orange

groves, to smell the blossom or enjoy the fruit ; and as for their women the following is a *Portuguese* portrait of female beauty :—Forehead broad and smooth ; eyes large, bright and quick, at the same time still and modest ; colour of the eye either black, blue, or green (a treatise has been written in preference of the last) ; eyebrows large and black, forming an arch concentric with that of the eyelids ; the nose descending in a direct line from the forehead, and forming a regular pyramid ; the mouth small, lips full, and of a pure carnation ; teeth white and regular, resembling a row of pearls in an arch of ruby ; the cheeks smooth and somewhat relieved in the centre by a carmine colour, fading insensibly to the whiteness of the lily, and both colours so blended that neither can be said to predominate. With respect to the neck, there is great majesty in one that is large and smooth, rising from the shoulders like an alabaster column. But amongst all the female charms, the most transcendant are the breasts ; in form they should resemble a lemon, in colour and smoothness the orange blossom. The most beautiful hands are long and white, the fingers full and tapering ; the feet are not accounted good if they are not small. Of the stature, the middle size is preferred. With-

out a graceful walk the most perfect beauty appears awkward ;—whereas a modest, airy, and serene movement, enhances every charm, and bespeaks a tranquillity of mind formed in the school of decorum. Such is a Portuguese portrait of a Portuguese beauty !

As autumn approached, the aspect of affairs had changed in the North of Europe, and, as an immediate attack on Portugal was no longer likely, the troops which had been embarked at Plymouth, for Lisbon, were re-landed, and Lord St. Vincent and his squadron left the Tagus. Towards the close of this year the seas were swept of the remains of the French marine. Such detachments of ships as had escaped, or rather stole out of port, since the battle of Trafalgar, to pirate, steal, and commit petit larceny upon our trade, Strachan, Duckworth, Warren, Hood, and others, had captured or destroyed. Even the stray birds were bagged, and single ships were rare in the harbours of France.

The succeeding months of my life were passed diligently on the recruiting service, at the great manufactories and marts of cotton and spinning-jennies, Manchester and Liverpool ; and I must confess that the Lancashire witches made some

havoc with me. I, however, got pretty well off, though rather "chipped at the edges."

I was a good deal surprised at the scale upon which business was conducted in those great, rich, and rising towns, and could hardly believe that a Manchester manufacturer, who usually dined on a beef-steak and a pint of port, at 2 P.M., could lose 40,000*l.* by a fall in cotton of a halfpenny per pound! The aristocracy of wealth in those days at Liverpool did things in a very capital style, and several officers of corps, employed there on the same service as myself, received great kindness and hospitality from them. Slight symptoms, too, of scarlet fever were sometimes manifested amongst the "Witches."

During the summer of this year, (1807,) one of those anomalous proceedings which have so disgusted the rest of Europe—I mean the expedition to Denmark—took place. It is impossible to read the correspondence between the commanders of the British forces and the general commanding at Copenhagen, without thinking with him, "That the Danish fleet, their indisputable property, was just as safe in the hands of its own sovereign, as it could possibly be in the hands of the King of England."

I have always thought that the only way to de-

side a question of might and right fairly was to put yourself on the weaker side, and then give your opinion. Nevertheless, the result of this expedition, and of a three-days' bombardment of a neutral town, was the getting possession of sixteen sail of the line and nine frigates, besides sloops of war and gun-boats, to take care of for the royal Dane ; and for which magnanimous achievement Jamie Gambier was made a peer, and Lord Cathcart a viscount. In this case the proverb was not verified : there was " a great cry, and a *great deal* of wool." The act was declared to be worse than the capture of the four Spanish frigates, before any declaration of war, by Commodore Graham Moore, off Cadiz, on 5th October, 1804 ; and stormy debates took place in the House of Commons upon the subject. The King of Denmark made what reprisal he could, and declared all intercourse with Great Britain by his subjects disgraceful and criminal.

France allied herself to Denmark ; again threatened Portugal with hostilities ; and was joined by Russia in reprobating so gross a breach of the law of nations on the part of Great Britain. On the 17th of October Junot left Bayonne at the head of 27,000 men, and directed his march on Lisbon. This led to the emigration of the Prince

Regent and the Court of Portugal to the Brazils. The circumstances of this determination are so graphically given in my friend Sir Sidney Smith's official letter to the Admiralty, that I shall embellish my narrative by inserting it at length :—

“ H.M.S. Hibernia, 22 leagues west of the

“ SIR,

“ Tagus, Dec. 1, 1807.

“ In a former despatch, dated the 22nd November, with a postscript of the 26th, I conveyed to you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the proofs contained in various documents, of the Portuguese government being so much influenced by terror of the French arms, as to have acquiesced to certain demands of France operating against Great Britain.

“ The distribution of the Portuguese force was made wholly on the coast, while the land side was left totally unguarded. British subjects of all descriptions were detained ; and it therefore became necessary to inform the Portuguese government that the case had arisen which required, in obedience to my instructions, that I should declare the Tagus in a state of blockade ; and, Lord Strangford agreeing with me, that hostility should be met by hostility, the blockade was instituted,

and the instructions we had received were acted upon to their full extent. Still, however, bearing in recollection the first object adopted by His Majesty's government, of opening a refuge for the head of the Portuguese government, menaced as it was by the powerful arm and baneful influence of the enemy, I thought it my duty to adopt the means open to us of endeavouring to induce the Prince Regent of Portugal to reconsider his decision, "to unite himself with the continent of Europe," and to recollect that he had possessions on that of America affording an ample balance for any sacrifice he might make here, and from which he would be cut off by the nature of maritime warfare, the termination of which could not be dictated by the combination of the continental powers of Europe.

"In this view, Lord Strangford having received an acquiescence to the proposition which had been made by us, for his Lordship to land and confer with the Prince Regent under the guarantee of a flag of truce, I furnished his Lordship with that conveyance and security, in order that he might give to the Prince that confidence which his word of honour, as the king's minister plenipotentiary, united with that of a British admiral, could not

fail to inspire, towards inducing his Royal Highness to put himself and his fleet into the arms of Great Britain, in perfect reliance on the king's overlooking a forced act of apparent hostility against his flag and subjects, and establishing his Royal Highness's government in his ultramarine possessions, as originally promised. I have now the heartfelt satisfaction of announcing to you that our hopes and expectations have been realised to the utmost extent. On the morning of the 29th, the Portuguese fleet (as per list annexed) came out of the Tagus, with his Royal Highness the Prince of Brazil and the whole of the royal family of Braganza on board, together with many of his faithful counsellors and adherents, as well as other persons attached to his present fortunes. This fleet of eight sail of the line, four frigates, two brigs, and one schooner, with a crowd of large armed merchant-ships, arranged itself under the protection of his Majesty, while the firing of a reciprocal salute of twenty-one guns announced the friendly meeting of those who, but the day before, were on terms of hostility; the scene impressing every beholder (except the French army on the hills) with the most lively emotions of gratitude to Providence, that there yet existed a

power in the world able as well as willing to protect the oppressed.

(Signed) "W. SIDNEY SMITH.

"To the Hon. W. W. Pole,
&c. &c."

At the opening of parliament by commission, on 31st January, 1808, the royal commissioners, after alluding to the Danish business, and the more creditable arrangement with Portugal which Sir Sidney Smith has so well described, informed Parliament that the result of the negociations at Tilsit had deprived his Majesty of his august allies, the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and that the war with Turkey continued. They then referred to our relations with America, and stated that the treaty of commerce and amity between England and the United States had not taken effect, *because* "the President refused to ratify that instrument." The commission went on to state that, "for an unauthorised act of force, committed against an American ship of war, his Majesty did not hesitate to offer an immediate and spontaneous reparation."

Now, let us inquire, what was this unauthorised act of force, and what were the consequences attending it? It was understood that some sailors,

who had deserted from his Majesty's sloop *Halifax*, (commanded by a very young nobleman,) and other ships, were on board the United States frigate the *Chesapeake*, Commodore Barron, and amongst them a man named Jenkin Retford. Captain Humphreys was despatched therefore in his Majesty's ship *Leopard*, of 50 guns, by Admiral George Berkeley, with orders to take the opportunity of the *Chesapeake's* going to sea, and to board her and take out the deserters. The two ships met off Cape Henry, when the following notes passed :—

“The Captain of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Leopard* has the honour to enclose to the Captain of the United States frigate *Chesapeake* an order from the Hon. Vice-Admiral Berkeley, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships on the North American station, respecting some deserters from ships therein mentioned, under his command, and supposed now to be serving as part of the crew of the *Chesapeake*.

“The Captain of the *Leopard* will not presume to say anything in addition to what the Commander-in-chief has stated, more than to express a hope that every circumstance respecting them may be adjusted in such a manner, that the harmony exist-

ing between the two nations may not be disturbed."

Answer.

"I know of no such men as you describe; the officers that were on the recruiting service for this ship were particularly instructed by the government, through me, not to enter any deserters from His Britannic Majesty's ships, nor do I know of any being here.

"I am also instructed never to permit the crew of this ship to be mustered by any but her own officers. It is my disposition to preserve harmony, and I hope this answer to your despatch will prove satisfactory.

(Signed) "JAMES BARRON,

"Commodore, &c. &c."

On receiving this answer, Captain Humphreys hailed and remonstrated without effect; after which he fired a-head, and then broadside after broadside into the American frigate, which, after a feeble defence of ten minutes, hauled down her colours to the Leopard, which the Americans called a line-of-battle ship, but she was in fact only rated to carry 50 guns on TWO DECKS.

On searching the frigate, by the right of might, the only person taken out was the unfortunate Jenkin Retford, of the Halifax sloop-of-war; but permanent possession of the Chesapeake was refused by Captain Humphreys, although the following note was written to him by the American commodore:—

“SIR,

“I consider the American frigate Chesapeake as your prize, and am ready to deliver her to any officer authorised to receive her.

“JAMES BARRON.”

On the return of the Leopard, a court-martial was assembled for the trial of Retford, who was presently condemned and hanged on board the Halifax sloop, commanded by Lord James Townsend. In the king's speech to Parliament the attack upon the Chesapeake is designated an “unauthorised act of force.” But, if it is to be so called, by what right could Admiral Berkeley try and execute a man, seized, in violation of the law of nations, under a neutral, nay, under a friendly flag?

The following are the individuals who sat on the trial, and condemned him to die:—

Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane,
President ;

Captain F. Pickmore,	Captain J. E. Douglas,
„ W. C. Fatric,	„ P. Beaver,
„ Edward Hawker,	„ N. D. Cochrane.

Napoleon has been condemned all over the world for seizing the Duke D'Enghien on neutral ground, and under the protection, therefore, of a neutral flag ; and for having tried him by a military court-martial, which condemned him to be shot. Yet, here is an Englishman seized by order of a British admiral, on board a neutral or friendly ship-of-war, under the protection of a neutral or friendly flag, tried by a naval court-martial, and sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm ! The parallel needs no comment. Alas ! shall we never take the mote out of our own eye, but for ever be pointing at the beam in our brother's ?

I do not stop to inquire whether or no Retford had been pressed into the service, or whether he had been much flogged on board the Halifax. It appeared, by the minutes of the court-martial, that his hatred to the captain and his abuse were personal. The poor fellow made little

defence; he seemed to consider himself a lost man, threw himself upon the *mercy of the court*, and was hanged.

As I have before mentioned, the Leopard was a two-decker, and prepared for battle; the Chesapeake was a frigate, and taken by surprise: her resistance was therefore comparatively formal, and nobody was touched on board his Majesty's ship. This act, however, cost the Chesapeake three men killed; and the commodore, one midshipman, and sixteen seamen wounded. It would have required a strong sense of moral duty, attended, perhaps, by some personal danger, if the British captain had disobeyed the directions of his Commander-in-Chief; but as excess of virtue becomes vice, so blind obedience to an unlawful order is not without blame. It is quite true that the Government disavowed the act, and declared they had "no right to search national ships for deserters;" (nor have they merchants' ships, unless Napoleon is justified,) and they *recalled* the Commander-in-Chief, who was, however, soon afterwards appointed to the command of the squadron in the Tagus.

Long since these events happened,—nay, but yesterday,—the taking out of the Spanish pilot from

the British packet at St. Olaão, by the Prince de Joinville, made much noise both in and out of Parliament. Some were for throwing the young Prince overboard ; others for impaling the French Admiral ; and others, again, for playing the deuce with the English Lieutenant. I do not call it the *forcibly* taking out of the pilot, for no force was used ; and so far the Lieutenant (whom, as the weakest, I would fain help) was to blame. He ought to have acted precisely as the American Commodore did. When the Royal Commander fired a shot "*which dropped unnecessarily near the English packet,*" the English Lieutenant should have shown all his colours, (like a peacock in a rage,) and have sent a shot back which should have fallen *necessarily near* the French sloop of war ; and, instead of putting about, and standing towards her, he should have coolly continued his course, and at last have supported his colours by some exchange of shots.

As to the quibble about the French party not knowing that the packet was under English colours, and its being a mistake of the young Prince,—why, when His Royal Highness fired at the packet, he hoisted the English union jack, to show it was for her, and no mistake. Louis

Philippe, however, put the matter to rest, by His Majesty's message through his Ambassador at our court, General Sebastiani (Wellington's opponent at Talavera); and all we have to recollect is, that it is the *national flag*, and not the *pennant*, (as some naval Captains say), which protects the merchant-ship, as well as the man-of-war, from superior force, violence, or search.

CHAPTER III.

The Peninsula—Roads from France to Spain—The Pyrenees—Abdication of Charles IV.—Ferdinand—Spain ceded to Napoleon—Ferdinand, his Uncle, and Brother, sent Prisoners to Valençay—The Seville Manifesto—Deputation of Patriots in London—Appeal to Great Britain—Joseph Bonaparte—Murat—Countess Lipona—Affair at Roleia—Sir Arthur Wellesley's Despatch after the Battle of Vimiera.

I TURN with gladness from the sickening details in the foregoing chapter to an event that burst enchantingly, like a spring in the pathless desert, revived the fainting hopes of freedom in Europe, and called all England's energies into action with far more success than had attended her subsidies and coalitions ; —*the Spanish Revolution.*

As a great part of my own humble history turned upon, and took its colour from, that glorious event, I shall, from time to time, describe several of the persons, and detail many of the circumstances,

connected with the war. The great Peninsula, comprehending the European dominions of Spain and Portugal, is washed on all sides by the ocean, and is joined to France by an isthmus, formed of the magnificent Pyrenees, a prodigious chain of mountains, only second to the Alps, 250 miles in length, and in some parts 108 in width, and extending from the Bay of Biscay, in the Atlantic Ocean, to the Mediterranean Sea. This boundary, formed by nature, between the kingdoms of France and Spain, may be traversed by various lateral valleys and passes; but from policy, as well as local impediment, only two have been made practicable by carriages, one at each end of the range. The first and greatest of these is from Bayonne to the Bidassoa, where you cross the river, which divides the two countries, by a bridge; on either side of which stands a French and Spanish sentinel. Soon after you enter the small Spanish town of Irun; from whence you gradually ascend the mountains for 50 miles. Over these I have galloped with six mules, or crawled with four oxen, as the relays could supply me. You then cross the ridge, and, having passed altogether a distance of 22 leagues through the Pyrenees, you come into the plain watered by the Ebro. I

passed the steepest and more gloomy part of this defile one Sunday night, in the midst of a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning. The imagination of Fuseli could paint nothing more awful or terrific. Hell and Earth seemed in rebellion against high Heaven, and danger and death threatened us at every step. It was exactly on that part of the way where I could only have oxen, and we dragged slowly on as if going to execution. I should here explain, however, that the road across those wonderful hills is extremely good, and that there is a relay of horses all along the line ; but I arrived at the post-house in the middle of the night, soon after the last horses had been driven from the door ; so that, rather than stand still, being in charge of despatches, I kept moving on, though ever so slowly ; and, having accomplished one league in four hours, and weathered the storm, I reached Madrid on the sixth morning after my departure from Paris.

The eastern route from France to Spain, and which is at the other extremity of the Pyrenees, is from Perpignan, across the Plains of Roussillon, to the foot of the mountains, which are about 50 miles in width. Here you pass by a rapid torrent, and wind your way to the top of Bellegarde,

on which stands the fortress of that name, and completely commands the pass. Indeed there are many straits through this route, where a band of armed peasants might arrest the progress of a whole army. The descent from Bellegarde is rapid, and the traveller soon reaches Tunquera, the first village in Spain. You now gradually near the Mediterranean, and, passing by Figuéras, Gerona, and Barcelona, Lerida and Saragossa, reach Madrid, a distance by this route of about 360 miles from the frontier.

A third, and the shortest, but only a bridle-road, is by Bayonne and Pampeluna, to the capital.

There is a fourth road, or rather track, which leads from Tarbes (where Lord Wellington beat Soult in 1814) to Saragossa. But it is only available to the muleteers and smugglers in the summer months; and in winter is either closed by snow, or guarded by beasts of prey.

The Pyrenees, since become so familiar to our language, produce large supplies of timber for building ships,—in which art the Spaniards so eminently shine,—and great quantities of pitch and tar: it was at the west pass of these mountains, on the Spanish frontier, that the great battle of July 1813 was fought between Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington, the details of which we

shall come to by and by.—The Pyrenees present a mighty amphitheatre of irregular heights. The Point of Vignemale is 3456 yards in perpendicular height, and from which is a sudden declivity to La Somma de Soutra, which is 3214 yards in height. The Peak of Ama is 2560 yards high. The fourth range declines to the level of the mountain of Hory, the height of which is 1,602 yards. The level of the mountains of Hanssa, in which is situated the beautiful Vale of Bastan, is the fifth; and the sixth is the mountain of La Rhune, about 924 tracts high, and ‘cold lying,’ as the coursers say, and as I can testify, having bivouacked on it without a tent, in the month of November, in the campaign of 1813.

The mountain of Aizguibel, on the border of the sea, rises about 556 yards above its level. This mountain terminates in a precipice which overhangs the sea, and would make an incomparable lover’s leap.

The peaks of the Pyrenees are naked rock, almost always covered with snow. The valleys are often lost in fogs, while the heat in summer is so intense as to be fatal to human life.

Such is the bulwark which nature has raised up between Spain and France, and which Louis XIV. by words, and Napoleon Bonaparte by

wiles and works, attempted to beat down. These great natural defences are strengthened by art. At a short distance from Fuentarabia stands San Sebastian, the grave and glory of some of the best soldiers of Britain.

As France possesses the fortress of Bellegarde, Spain has regularly fortified Figuéras, Gerona, Barcelona, and Lerida—all towns impregnable, except to treason. But, as Marshal Saxe observed, there are few places into which a mule laden with gold cannot gain entrance. As I write this, *Saragossa* starts to my recollection. Palafox all hail!—What a defence was that!—Heroic city! cherish the memory of thy warrior and thy maiden, whose courage and constancy, and memorable declaration of “*La guerra hasta el cuchillo*” (war to the knife), never can be forgotten while tradition or song remain. I afterwards met Palafox, covered with wounds, the trusty councilor of his prince and the soldier of his country; and I remember him at *Bayonne* (then in the toils of the tyrant), when he advised Ferdinand to scorn Napoleon, and reject the proposed compromise of the crown of Tuscany. When at Seville, too, I saw the *Maid of Saragossa*, decorated with medals *al merito militar*, and heard from her own tongue the story of her passion;—how her lover

was killed in the breach,—which goaded her to madness, made her unsex herself, and take his post at the gun, which she fought like a demon, and became the dread of France, and the “Joan” of Spain. I thought her hardly of this world ;—so wild and fierce, yet with so much witchery, the warrior woman spoke and looked.—But I must resume the order of my history.

The French Emperor having, by stratagem and force, got possession of Barcelona, Pampeluna, and Figuéras, those strong places, the keys of which assured his free entry into the Peninsula, commenced a game of duplicity, treachery, and dishonour, not surpassed in the history of human transactions, and which he continued to play, chiefly through the agency of the minister of the Catholic king, and the lover of the queen, Don Manuel Godoy.

Godoy, “Prince of the Peace,” having fomented a quarrel between Charles IV. and his heir apparent, Ferdinand, Napoleon, in imitation of the monkey in the fable, constituted himself equity-judge between them, and solved all difficulty by seizing the crown, as the monkey had done the cheese. But the lions were not so easily let off as the cats ; for his imperial majesty crimped them one after another to Bayonne, and then, in his own peculiar

way, announced to the world that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign.

Charles IV. had become the ridicule of his people, who looked with contempt upon a man who connived at his wife's adultery, and who solaced his dishonour in the pleasures of the chase. As the French armies poured through the passes of the Pyrenees, and advanced upon Madrid, the court became alarmed, and prepared to fly to Seville, the ancient capital of Spain, and once the residence of her kings. But this was opposed by the populace. Disturbances broke out, and Charles, amidst anarchy and alarm, abdicated the throne, on the 19th of March, in favour of his son the Prince of Asturias, who was immediately and joyfully proclaimed under the title of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain and the Indies. Ferdinand was then adored by the people. He had some good points about him, and was by no means likely to "embroider petticoats," (according to poor Mr. Whitbread's story,) whatever else he might be tempted to do with them. The first act of his authority was to arrest Don Manuel Godoy,—whose intrigues with France, though more veiled than those with the queen, began to develop themselves,—and confiscate his estates. In the midst of this tumult, Murat, at the head of the French army, marched

into Madrid ; and the following day, the 25th, prevailed on Charles IV. to write a letter to Napoleon, in which he protested against his act of abdication on the 19th, and declared it was forced from him by the partisans of the Prince of Asturias.

On the other hand, Ferdinand was persuaded to court the protection of the Emperor of the French, and to petition for a queen from his family.

It required no second sight to divine what sort of use Bonaparte would make of these appeals ; but nobody imagined he would go the lengths he did ; for the moral treason and trickery of the “ Spanish Transaction ” are the deepest stains in the history of that extraordinary man.

The emperor arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April, “ to settle, (as he said,) the disputes that were disgraceful to royalty.” Thither Ferdinand VII. had been almost compelled to proceed to meet him ; though in many places he was intreated not to go. At Vittoria the people assembled in crowds at the post-house, cut the traces, and drove away the horses. But they were brought back by French soldiers ; and the Spanish captive, though treated, or rather mocked at, as king, was enabled to proceed to Bayonne ; but *there the mask fell*, and he was received only as the prince of Asturias. M. Champagny, Napoleon’s

minister, was now sent to Ferdinand, to express the emperor's horror at his disobedience and high treason, as a son and a subject. In vain did Ferdinand protest and prove that the abdication was the spontaneous act of his father; for Charles IV. was brought to Bayonne not only to deny the fact, but to claim the restitution of his crown. "Then take it, sire," said the angry and injured Ferdinand; "I vacate the throne, since you say you desire to resume its power, but on condition that my rights are never compromised." Four days afterwards, on the 5th of May, Charles IV. signed over all his right and title to the Spanish empire to Napoleon Bonaparte, with a faculty to appoint his substitute to reign.

To complete the matter, Ferdinand, his uncle, Antonio, and his brother, Don Carlos, who had been also escorted to France, were sent prisoners to Valençay, the seat of the cameleon Talleyrand; they having all, according to the programme of these events, given their adhesion to the nefarious act of the 5th, making over the sovereignty of Spain to Bonaparte, and which piece of forgery and falsehood was duly transmitted to the provisional government at Madrid. Under any view, their signatures to so monstrous a document, obtained while they were in prison, and, possibly,

threatened with the axe of the executioner, could have no consideration ; still the world was insulted by the publication of them. But I do not believe the signatures were ever obtained from them at all. Is it, for example, consistent with the subsequent behaviour of Don Carlos, the present Pretender ? Look at him, standing alone as he does at this moment, in the midst of the mountains, keeping his enemies at bay, and urging what he thinks his claim to the crown. Would he, when a younger man, a more ardent spirit, and as great a fanatic as ever, —would he have been coaxed, cajoled, or frightened, to sign away his presumptive pretensions to the throne ? Would he have enacted Esau ? It was mere trick, foolery, and forgery, unworthy any man, far more the modern Cæsar.*

The day Ferdinand VII. and his uncle and brother were sent to Valençay, Charles IV. proceeded to Compéigne, and as these Royal *dramatis personæ* walked off the stage, a deputation from the supreme junta, under the management of Murat, at Madrid, walked on, to ask the Emperor to deign to remove his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples, and place him on that of Spain and the Indies. This Napoleon did of course by an imperial decree ; but, from the moment he affixed

* Vide Appendix.

his seal and signature, and so consummated an unparalleled act of villany, his glory became dim, and his own throne was shaken under him. The chariot of fire in which Genius and Fortune had hitherto borne him above the world, from this time gradually descended ; and, after buffeting for a while amidst the elements of earth, left him a prisoner chained on a rock.

However infamous the Spanish usurpation was, and however blasting in its consequences to the career of Napoleon, it was, according to the ethics of Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, worse than a crime,—it was a blunder. Talleyrand's word was a "*bétise*," a word difficult to translate, being a compound of stupidity and folly.

In this instance the devil must be admitted to have been a true prophet ; for, on the 27th of May following, St. Ferdinand's day, revolt broke out in various parts of the Peninsula. At Cadiz, the inhabitants rose to a man ; and a spirit of resistance to the dominion of France darted, like forked lightning, from the Pyrenees to the sea.

At Seville, the Roman Hispolis, the inhabitants stood forth in their ancient pride and strength. The magistrates and the people assembled together, constituted a junta, or provisional govern-

ment, set at nought the jurisdiction of the supreme council of Castile ("so long as Madrid should be occupied by the enemy,")—proclaimed their own authority to arise from the captivity of their legitimate king, Ferdinand VII.,—and *declared war against France.*

The supreme junta then issued a manifesto "from the Spanish nation to the other nations of Europe," in which they said, "during a hundred years, we were united with France, but the revolution which drove the Bourbons from the French throne for ever ended the domestic confederation. In 1793 Charles IV. declared himself against France, but the overruling influence of the favourite (Godoy) ruined us. A disastrous war was followed by a disgraceful peace, and this disgraceful peace was succeeded by a still more humiliating alliance; from which moment to the present, Spain, bound to the car of France, has been dragged along with its wild and rapid course."

The manifesto then alludes to the unfortunate maritime conflicts into which they had been hurried,—deplores the loss of their fleets and colonies,—and declares generally, that streams of treasure ran without ceasing from Spain to France. It then speaks of the "*llama funesta*," the destroy-

ing flame, which had overrun Italy and Holland, dismembered Germany, and ruined Prussia; and which was only changed in its course by the peace of Tilsit, which had thrown it back in all its fierceness, to continue its ravages in the west.

While this eloquent and impassioned appeal was making its way to the rest of Europe, a more direct application was made to Great Britain. A deputation of patriots arrived in London, announcing the proceedings of the junta at Seville; declaring that there were 40,000 men in arms against the French; and asking for the sympathy and assistance of the English nation.—I do not know a more striking instance of national unanimity than England presented upon this remarkable occasion. From the prince to the peasant the welcome to the patriots was without exception. In a moment all former enmity was forgotten; common cause against the treachery and tyranny of Napoleon was proclaimed; and the Spanish prisoners were released, armed, and sent back to their country.—Nay, some of the old Romance of Spain was borne upon the fair west wind which brought the patriots over;—their national airs were heard in the streets and public places; the fandango was the fashionable dance; and the

jocund castanet was sprung by the fairy fingers of British maids !

The foregoing pages describe the manner in which that contest began which ultimately raised the military glory of England (which had slept a long sleep) over the martial fame of France : so was lit the torch of liberty in Spain, which burnt brightly in the breeze, and blazed in the storm. But alas ! it expired in the calm which followed, and darkness has again come over the land of beauty !

At Cadiz, the five sail of French line-of-battle ships in the harbour were obliged to haul down their colours. On the breaking out of the revolution, the French admiral had offered “ to go quietly home, if the English ships outside would let him ; ”—but this was of course refused, and they surrendered.* The loss of the line-of-battle

* The naïveté of this request reminds one of the Irish soldier, who having inadvertently crossed the line at the outpost, fell into the enemy’s hands. The officer of the picket, seeing one of his men arguing with three French soldiers, called out to know “ what he was doing ? ” “ Your honour,” says Pat, “ I’ve taken these three men prisoners.” “ How so ? ” said the Lieutenant, somewhat incredulously. “ Your honour I just surrounded them.” “ Then bring them across to our lines,” continued his commander. “ But they won’t

ships at Cadiz exceedingly provoked Napoleon, who had made incredible exertions to restore his navy after the battle of Trafalgar. In the early part of this year he had the command of 80 sail of the line, which were built and launched as if by the wand of the enchanter.

While these ominous proceedings were going on in the west, Joseph Bonaparte had been installed king at Madrid, where he remained a week, and was frightened away, and soon afterwards France declared war against *his* Most Catholic Majesty's dominions. As a recompense, Murat, for his execrable doings at Madrid (which almost reconcile one to the miserable termination of his earthly grandeur), was elevated to the throne of Naples by the style and title of Joachim Napoleon. — This man had married Caroline, the favourite sister of Napoleon, who, through all the vicissitudes of her glittering life, from Mademoiselle Bonaparte to Grand Duchess of Berg, and Queen of Naples, has preserved the goodness of her dis-

come, Sir!" "Then do you come and leave them," called the subaltern sharply. "Please your honour, and *they won't let me*," replied Pat, in the most sorrowful tone, and he was marched off to the enemy's camp.

position, and the devoted attachment of her friends ; and, at the moment I write, she is living, within a few doors of me, in tranquil retirement, under the simple title of Countess Lipona, a transformation of *Napoli* ; mourning her husband and her brother, and exercising acts of the kindest sympathy and beneficence*.

After the departure of the Royal Family of Portugal, for South America, General Junot, commanding the French troops at Lisbon, issued a proclamation on February 1, declaring that “ the house of Braganza should never return, or reign in Europe again ! ” As a sort of commentary upon which, an insurrection broke out at Oporto on the 16th of June, so formidable, and with so powerful an impulse, that all the northern provinces were soon cleared of French troops. England, having sent vessels to receive the Spanish army under the Marquis of Romana (which Napoleon had marched 800 leagues from their own country), with orders to land them in the Peninsula, decided on still more effectually aiding the good cause, by sending a British expedition to Portugal.

* Madame Lipona has died since in Italy, having only enjoyed the pension granted her by the Deputies of France a single year.

On the 31st of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed ; with his troops on the 17th of August he attacked and carried the enemy's position at Roleia ; and on the 21st he again unfurled his banner at Vimiera—that banner which never bowed to the bayonets of France. If record, in reply to this, points to the retreat from Burgos, I say, in the words of the historian of Frederick the Great, “It was the retreat of the lion who turns from his foe, foiled but not vanquished, carrying with him all his artillery and baggage.”—So his banner never bowed, but floated in a series of triumphs over town and plain ; it soared like the eagle, over the mountains of the Pyrenees, glanced across the vineyards of France, and settled, in the pomp of its power, on the walls of Toulouse.

In the attack of the enemy at Roleia on the 17th of August, in a most formidable position, Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were already in possession of the mountains on his right, and the Portuguese infantry were ordered to move up a pass upon the right of the whole ; the light companies of General Hill's brigade and the 5th regiment moved up a pass next on the right ; and the 29th regiment, supported by the 9th regiment, under Brigadier-General Nightingale, a third pass ;

and the 45th and 82nd regiments, passes on the left. These passes were all difficult of access, and some of them well defended by the enemy, especially those which were attacked by the 29th and 9th, where the defence was desperate. It was upon this occasion that one or two circumstances arose, which showed traits of character at once remarkable and interesting. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, commanding the 9th regiment, was one of the best commanding officers of a regiment at that time in the service : he had great skill, temper, and experience : he had served in India, and was the chosen friend of the new Commander-in-Chief, who, while the expedition was assembling, and then waiting for a wind, visited the transport in which the 9th were embarked almost every day. The method Colonel Stewart had adopted for the arrangement of the men's arms, accoutrements, and knapsacks, and the way in which the troops were berthed on board, particularly pleased Sir Arthur, who used to send the colonels of other regiments to see how well Stewart had contrived. Well, the expedition sailed, the troops landed, advanced, and, after an affair of outposts, reached Caldas ; and the French General remaining in his position at Roleia, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to attack him in

the morning.—Colonel Stewart was adored in his regiment: he ruled by love; his successor, as he often boasted after, by fear. On the eve of the attack, Stewart, and an intimate friend and brother officer in the regiment, were bathing together. “B.,” said the Colonel, “we have bathed frequently together, but I have a presentiment it is now for the last time.” The next morning, at nine o’clock, he breathed his last in the arms of this dear companion and comrade.—As the 9th regiment advanced in column of companies to the attack, and approached the deep and rugged ravine by which they were to ascend, B. told me (for I had the story from his own mouth) that he went to Stewart and said, “Colonel, it is impossible to ride up such a steep, you had better dismount and scramble up.” “No, no,” he replied, “Dandy,” patting a favourite charger, “will carry me up;” “besides,” he added, “I don’t think it would look well to dismount:” and he passed on to the head of the column with Dandy, who sprang up, like a chamois, along the bank. By the side of the ravine lay some wounded of the enemy, who, having cried for quarter, were left as prisoners by the skirmishers and the columns of the 29th. One of these wretches, on seeing the gallant Stewart coming up, stretched

out on his wounded limbs, and drew his musket to him ; and, as poor Stewart came abreast of him, sat up, fired with a deadly aim, and mortally wounded him : the ball struck his seals and carried part of them into his body. In an instant, several of Stewart's soldiers, who saw the murder committed (by a prisoner who had just received quarter), sprung from the ravine upon the bank, and took up the criminal on the points of their bayonets ; then they pitched him from one to the other, catching the carcase on the points of their bayonets as if it were a bundle. The cry of indignation against the assassin of their colonel so inflamed the rear companies of the 9th, who were following up, that they put all the wounded to death who lay upon the bank as they mounted the height of Roleia. But this could not save poor Stewart, who was lifted from his horse to die, in a few minutes. While he lay on the bosom of his friend, near the plain on the top of the ravine, Sir Arthur appeared, from the post of honour and danger, as he generally did : he was sucking an orange, when, looking first at Stewart and then at his friend, he saw how it was ; and, without saying a word, he turned his horse's head, and went where the battle was hottest.

As an illustration of the martinet system, or governing by fear, according to the system of the successor to the command of the 9th, after the ascent of our troops at Roleia, I will just state that he established a permanent court-martial in the regiment,—a kind of sitting provost-commission, composed of the minimum of officers required by the Articles of War for a regimental court-martial. These individuals were exempt from other corps' duties, and were therefore *toujours prêt* : and, as a specimen of the working of the system, and how completely brutalized, and what tools mankind may become, it is further stated, that a soldier of the 9th Regiment of Foot, while serving in the Peninsula, committed some irregularity, which subjected him to the sentence of the aforesaid court-martial to be flogged ; that the regiment being on the march, it was halted, the halberts stuck up, the proceedings of the court read ; and the culprit ordered to strip,—when a serjeant of the regiment, who, it may be presumed was a deserving soldier, recovered his musket, and, stepping out of the ranks, respectfully saluted the successor to Stewart, and said, “ May it please your honour, the culprit is guilty ; but he is a brave soldier, and if your honour will take me as a security for his

future good conduct, I'll answer for him with my body, and if he commits any future offence, I'll be ready to offer myself up to receive the sentence of the present court-martial." One would naturally suppose that any mortal, with as much of the milk of human kindness in him, as would prevent his herding with the northern bears, would have been touched by the serjeant's offering ; but what did our colonel?—" You mutinous rascal !" he exclaimed, in a fury, " I'll teach you manners !" And he had his arms taken from him,—those arms which had helped to make his comrades " victors on every field in Spain"—and sent him a prisoner before the permanent court-martial, who not only (*pliant tools*) reduced him to the ranks, but sentenced him also to be flogged ; when, in imitation of his Divine Master, he was scourged, for interceding for a sin not his own ; and, while writhing in agony at the halberts, he ground his teeth, and muttered, " I will have blood for this." The cruel colonel mocked him ; and when the whole of the sentence was carried into execution, cried out before the regiment, " We all heard what you said ; the whole corps heard your threat ; you cannot put on your jacket, or carry your knapsack or accoutrements ; but load his musket (to the serjeant-major)—*give*

it to him, and let him follow me, and shoot me if he dares." It was all done accordingly; but the man's heart was broken, and the tyrant escaped: the column continued on its triumphant march to Bordeaux, murmuring as it went along "That the colonel was a Tartar, but *he was brave*."

The battle of Vimiera gave the French troops a sample of what they had to expect from British bayonets; and, through all the campaigns that followed, the same superiority, both in physical and moral courage, was maintained.

After the affair at Roleia, a junction between all the enemy's troops was effected near Torres Vedras, when the personal command of the whole army was assumed by General Junot, Duke of Abrantes, and who on the 21st of August attacked Sir Arthur Wellesley in the position he had taken up on the river Maceira, which runs through the village of Vimiera. While the battle was going on, Sir Harry Burrard, who was senior officer to Sir Arthur, arrived on the ground, but he very sagaciously contented himself with being a spectator. To him, however, the following report of the proceedings of the day was addressed by Lieut.-General Wellesley.

SIR, *Vimiera, August 21, 1808.*

I have the honour to report to you that the enemy attacked us in our position at Vimiera this morning. The village of Vimiera stands in a valley, through which runs the river Maceira ; at the back, and to the westward and northward of this village, is a mountain, the western point of which touches the sea, and the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the heights, over which passes the road which leads from Lourinha and the northward to Vimiera. The greater part of the infantry, the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and eighth brigades, were posted on this mountain, with eight pieces of artillery ; Major-General Hill's brigade being on the right, Major-General Ferguson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights, separated from the mountain. On the eastern and southern side of the town is a hill which is entirely commanded, particularly on its right, by the mountain to the westward of the town, and commanding all the ground in the neighbourhood to the southward and eastward, on which Brigadier-General Fane was posted with his riflemen and the 50th regiment, and Brigadier-General Anstruther with his brigade, with half a

brigade of six-pounders, which had been ordered to the position in the course of last night, and it had not been occupied, excepting by a picquet, as the camp had been taken up only for one night, and there was no water in the neighbourhood of this height. The cavalry and the reserve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills, on which the infantry stood, both flanking and supporting Brigadier-General Fane's advanced guard.

The enemy first appeared at eight o'clock in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry on our left, upon the heights of the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard, and the left of our position; and Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights, on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Nightingale with his brigade, as also those of Brigadier-Generals Acland and Barnes. These troops were formed (Major-General Ferguson's brigade in the first line; Brigadier-General Nightingale's in the second; and Brigadier-General Barnes, and Acland's in columns in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads to Vi-

miera, and their left upon the other ravine which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Macceira. On these last-mentioned heights the Portuguese troops, which had been at the bottom near Vimiera, were posted in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Crauford's brigade. The troops of the advanced guard, on the height, to the southward and eastward of the town, were deemed sufficient for its defence, and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain on which the great body of infantry had been posted as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army. In addition to this support these troops had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right. The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of the corps. The second battalion, 43rd regiment, was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of the corps having been ordered into the church-yard to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of the position they were repulsed by the

bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successively supported by the second battalion, 52nd regiment, which by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank. Besides this opposition given to the attack of the enemy in our advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Acland's brigade, in its advance to its position on the heights on the left; and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights. At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion from this attack with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, many prisoners, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed and wounded. He was pursued by the detachment of the 20th light dragoons; but the enemy's cavalry were so much superior in numbers that this detachment has suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed. Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights, on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th, 71st regiments;

and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82nd, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line, by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-General Barnes and Acland's brigades ; while Brigadier-General Crauford's brigade, and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers killed and wounded. The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery by attacking the 71st and 82d regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him to retire with great loss. In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed, under the command of the Duke d'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and ar-

tillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition. One general officer (Benniere) has been wounded and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken. The valour and discipline of his Majesty's troops have been conspicuous upon this occasion, as you, who witnessed the whole of the action, must have observed ; but it is a justice to the following corps to draw your notice to them in a particular manner, viz., the royal artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robe ; the 20th dragoons, which had been commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor ; the 50th regiment, commanded by Colonel Walker ; the 2nd battalion, 95th foot, commanded by Major Travers ; the 5th battalion, 60th regiment, commanded by Major Davy ; the 2nd battalion, 43rd regiment, commanded by Major Hall ; the 2nd battalion, 52nd regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, the 97th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lion ; the 36th regiment, commanded by Colonel Burne ; the 40th regi-

ment, commanded by Colonel Remmis ; the 71st regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, and the 82nd regiment, commanded by Major Eyre. In mentioning Colonel Burne and the 36th regiment to you upon this occasion, I cannot avoid to add, that the regular and orderly conduct of this corps throughout this service, and their gallantry and discipline in action, has been conspicuous. I must take this opportunity of expressing my obligations to the general and staff officers of the army. I was much indebted to Major-General Spencer's judgment and experience, in the decision I formed with respect to the number of troops allotted to each point of defence, and for his advice and assistance throughout the action. In the position taken up by Major-general Ferguson's brigade and in its advance upon the enemy, that officer showed equal bravery and judgment ; and much praise is due to Brigadier-General Fane, and Brigadier-General Anstruther, for their gallant defence of their position in front of Vimiera, and to Brigadier-General Nightingale, for the manner in which he supported the attack upon the enemy, made by Major-General Ferguson. Lieutenant-Colonel G. Tucker, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst, and the officers in the departments of the Adjutant and

Quarter-Master-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, and the officers of my personal staff, rendered me the greatest assistance throughout the action.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

N. B.—Since writing the above, I have been informed that a French general officer, supposed to be general Thebault, the chief of the staff, has been found dead upon the field of battle.

A. W.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival of General Dalrymple—Treaty at Cintra—General Kellerman—Marshal Soult—Surrender of the French at Baylen—Events in Spain—Battle of Corunna—Despatches of Generals Baird and Hope—War against France by Austria.

THE very day after the glorious achievement described in the last chapter, a third Commander-in-Chief emerged from the sea, in the person of Lieutenant-General Dalrymple, and, being senior to Sir Harry Burrard, assumed the command of him, of Wellesley, and his victorious troops. What the wise men in the west meant by such appointments it would be difficult to guess; but the common cause suffered, and England still suffers from the consequences. The finger of scorn still points to Cintra; and its immediate effects were, that what we had gained in the field we lost in the closet; and General Kellerman, who managed the

convention on the part of the French, never ceased laughing at us, to the day of his death. A few hours after the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Kellerman, (whom I since knew very well as the Duke de Valmy,) arrived with a flag of truce from the Duke of Abrantes, "to propose an armistice, for the purpose of concluding a treaty under which the French army was to quit the Portuguese dominions." This was unfortunately granted, and became the basis of a treaty that was executed on the 30th of the month, which made us the butt of Europe. Kellerman used to chuckle and say he was in a cold sweat for fear the Trinity of Generals should not comply with his risible proposition, to be allowed to march off their beaten army with the honours of war, without being considered prisoners, and with liberty to serve the moment they had landed them in France! Well might he shake his sides at us; for even at this distance of time, one cannot recur to that untoward transaction without a feeling of sickening surprise that men in their senses could have subscribed to such articles as these:—

Art. 2.—The French troops shall evacuate Portugal, with their arms and baggage; they

shall not be considered prisoners of war, and shall be at liberty to serve.

Art. 3.—The English Government [poor John Bull!] shall furnish the means of conveyance for the French army to France.

Art. 4.—The French army shall take all its artillery.

Art. 5.—The French army shall take all its equipments, military chest (i. e. money), &c. &c.

Art. 6.—Artillery, cavalry, and officers, shall take all their horses.

The seventh article proposed an arrangement for the Russian fleet in the Tagus, which the naval Commander-in-Chief had the good sense to refuse, and these ships were sent to Spithead * ; but their crews were transferred also at the expense of Great Britain to Russia, while the whole French

* I have lately been assured upon high, and indeed undoubted, authority, that although the Emperor Alexander was at this time in alliance with Napoleon, he was more than coquetting with Great Britain; and that an autograph letter from the Autocrat to his admiral in the Tagus had been conveyed by the brave and clever Sir Sidney Smith, through the very hands of Junot himself, desiring that he should seize the very first opportunity of putting his squadron under the protection of England.

army were transported, (to the dismay of the United Kingdom and the displeasure of the Sovereign,) to the shores of France, then and there to renew hostilities to the common cause, and promote the views of Bonaparte.

The battle of Vimiera ceased at 12 o'clock on the 21st, by the French being repulsed at all points. Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed to his superior officer an immediate advance, which was not listened to by Sir Harry Burrard: and here was the original sin!—had Sir Arthur been permitted to profit by his success, and take the tide of victory on with him, *as he did at Waterloo*, we should never have heard of a Convention. But that not having been the case, he gave a moody assent to the general principle of the negotiation, though he objected to the details, which remain the reproach of Sir Hew Dalrymple. This latter General, however, seemed from the first doubtful of the transaction; for although the armistice was signed on the 22nd of August, he sent no account of it to England till the 4th of September, when it was accompanied by the ratified convention; a delay on the part of Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, which his Majesty declared “calculated to produce great public

inconvenience, and which inconvenience did in fact arise therefrom."

As I have already stated, I used to kindle at the sort of self-approving smile Kellerman put on, whenever he adverted, (which he was very fond of doing—half-joke, half-earnest,) to this abominable convention. I used to "get away," as they call it in sparring, from the subject; acknowledging that we were outwitted, and saying it should have been executed in the convent of "Nossa Señor di Pina," instead of the halls of Marialva. One murky morning, however, when I was not in a very good humour, he touched the chord of the old harp, by saying, "I pretended at Cintra not to understand English; but I understood it more than your Generals would have wished me to do;"—and then he smiled.

"Well," said I, "though we did make fools of ourselves at Cintra, you need not laugh, for we made you laugh the other side of your mouth before we had done with you."

"What devil you mean by laugh todder side of the mouth?" said Kellerman.

"Ask Soult, the Spanish picture-dealer," I replied, "on the right side of whose mouth a smile never played. He can tell you better than anybody."

There is, however, no metamorphosis in all Ovid more complete than the change Marshal Soult has undergone since he came to England as ambassador at the coronation of our pretty queen. He had no idea of how he was to be received ; the absurd stories set about, of his claim to conquest at Toulouse,—and to which he was no party,—filled him with inquietude ; and, not understanding the huzza of John Bull, he really did not know whether the people were jeering him or cheering him, as he passed down to Westminster Abbey. But these national greetings were explained ; and on his return the old veteran bowed to the people,—the people were enchanted,—and then for the first time in my life I saw a smile play, like a ray of light, upon his countenance. I have been asked, and I have heard it doubted, whether he carried away with him a due sense of the kindness of his reception amongst us,—but I know it from himself ; for the first time I met him after his return to Paris, (and it happened to be at the English embassy,) he came up to me, and, taking me by both hands, said, “ We have not met since the beautiful Review at Woolwich.” “ I hope,” I replied, “ M. Le Maréchal was satisfied with his reception in England? ” “ Mon Dieu!—my

God," he said, with great energy, "that reception is *here*," (laying his hand upon his heart,) "and never, never can be effaced. "And he has repeated in the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, (since he has been Minister for Foreign Affairs,) the expression of his sense of his personal obligation to the English nation.

Cintra is almost as well known now as Richmond, and the Tagus as the Thames. Its crags, cork-trees, and convents; its glens, and mountains, and azure sea; its torrents, cliffs, and valleys; its orange tints, and green boughs;—all sparkle in the Childe's Pilgrimage in their original freshness and beauty; and it is not for me to paint such a landscape over again.

As a set-off against the convention of Cintra, however, we had the *surrender of the French forces at Baylen*, on the 22nd of the preceding month, under very different circumstances, and which must be attributed rather to a misunderstanding between the French commanders, Dupont and Vedil, than to the formidable conduct of the Spaniards, or the skill and courage of their chief, Castaños. In a moral and political sense, however, its effects were withering to the projects of Napoleon, and may be considered the warning

shock, preceding those changes and reverses which subsequently crumbled his throne to atoms. The unwelcome news of these events reached him at Erfurth, where he was engaged with the Emperor of Russia, and all the petty Princes of Germany, in a series of sports and pastimes, which lasted during twenty days. The intelligence hastened his return to Paris. It was during these festivities that the two Emperors addressed a joint letter to the King of England, expressing their desire for peace, and which reached London at the precise moment that an expedition under Generals Moore and Baird landed in Spain to assist the patriots. As these offers were hollow and temporizing, and were principally made to gain time, or check our ardour in the Peninsular cause, they produced no result.

On the 14th of October Napoleon and Alexander separated at Weimar. On the 26th the French Emperor harangued the legislative body at Paris, and after alluding to our coalition with Spain and Portugal, pompously declared that his eagles should ere long float again upon the towers of Lisbon.

Eighty thousand veteran troops had been drawn from the French forces in Germany, and marched

beyond the Pyrenees; to which may be added 15,000 from Italy and 30,000 under Junot : making, with the troops already in Spain under Soult and others, an army of at least 200,000 men. Of this army Napoleon took the command in person at Vittoria early in November. To such an array, so ably commanded, successful resistance by the badly organized and worse commanded Spaniards could not be hoped for. Burgos fell before Soult and Bessières, and Blake and Romana were beat by Marshal Victor at Espinosa on the 12th of November, with the loss of 20,000 men, ten persons called "generals," and thirty pieces of cannon.

On the 23rd the battle of Tudela was fought by Palafox and Castaños, with the armies of Arragon and Andalusia, against Marshal Lannes, who defeated them, with the loss on their part of thirty guns and 3000 prisoners.

Such reverses would have disheartened men of colder temperaments. But, although the patriots were defeated, their patriotism was not destroyed ; and on the 1st of December Palafox overcame Lannes, and beat him from his lines in front of Saragossa.

On the 2nd of December Napoleon, at the

head of an overwhelming force, summoned Madrid, which, being an open town, was obliged to capitulate, to avoid the horrors of an assault. The conqueror entered the capital of Spain on the 4th. Here he renewed his artifices ; and, having already disposed of Ferdinand VII. by removing him from France to Savoy, he adopted popular measures. He abolished the inquisition, suppressed a third of the convents, and abrogated feudal rights. But, finding this plan of proceeding did not answer, he resumed his natural character of tyrant, and declared, by a proclamation, that he should treat Spain as a conquered country, should the Spaniards persist in refusing to acknowledge his brother Joseph as their king.

Throughout the Spanish war of independence, THE PEOPLE stood forth in bold and magnificent relief, in comparison with their mean and miserable grandees ; but the whole revolution did not call forth one really great man. Palafox, from whose brows the laurel can never fade, was certainly an intrepid hero as regarded his native town ; and, as I shall presently show, the defence of Saragossa throws Thermopylæ into the shade. But as a statesman to direct the mind of a nation, or as a general to direct

its military energies, Palafox was unequal. As for the grandees, they had either heads without hearts, or hearts without heads, or, (which comprehended a vast majority,) neither one nor the other. Not so the people :—full of character ; the finest peasantry in the world ; with women the most ardent and attractive ; they were sure to produce, and they did produce, a race of splendid soldiers. No longer ago than the reign of Charles V. the Spanish infantry, the staple of an army, were the most formidable and renowned in Europe.

Napoleon, having received a deputation of traitors or fools, who came to thank him for “his magnanimity and generosity to their heroic city of Madrid,” put himself at the head of his army, and, on the 19th of December, quitted the capital, and took the field against the English expedition.

Besides the misfortunes already recounted as having befallen the Spanish cause, General St. Cyr, who commanded the French troops in Catalonia, defeated the patriots at Llinas on the 16th, and, on the 21st of December, completely routed a whole army at San Felice and Molina del Rey, taking all their artillery and magazines.

On the 24th of December Sir John Moore commenced his retreat.

At this awful moment, when the Spanish armies were dispersed, or had fallen like corn before the tempest; when even our own troops were obliged to give way before the advancing masses of Napoleon, let us inquire what was the position of old England? How did she gather herself up in her pride? What front did she show? The King had Wellesley for his minister, supported by large majorities in parliament; he was strong in the affections of his people, who made common cause with Spain. He had 1021 ships of war in commission and building: he had 201,000 soldiers, besides those in India; he had 100,000 seamen, 30,000 marines, and 108,000 militia; and, finally, his government had the command of a revenue of 48,319,807*l.* per annum!

With such a matériel, and such sinews of war as these, well might we defy Napoleon to the death.

Formidable, however, as were these mighty means, and broad and just as were the principles upon which they were to work, the year 1809 did not dawn brightly on the British arms; and Spain was destined to be for several months the arena of disaster and disappointment. Of all the generals in the service, Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird

stood highest in public opinion. Extraordinary anxiety and apprehension therefore followed their steps as they retreated before the overwhelming hosts of France. The French armies were in close pursuit of the routed Spaniards, when Napoleon found that Sir John Moore had not, as he expected, (and as the general intended), fallen back upon Portugal; on the contrary, that he meditated an attack on Soult. All operations in the south were therefore instantly stopped; Soult was greatly re-inforced, so that his corps alone outnumbered our little army, which did not altogether exceed 23,000 infantry and 2400 cavalry; while Napoleon advanced from Madrid at the head of 32,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry, and Marshal Mortier came up with his corps from Saragossa. In short, the whole disposable force of the French army, forming an irregular crescent, were marching in radii to enclose our army. To attain this favourite end, to take the British lion in his toils, all present, and apparently all future objects, were abandoned. Napoleon turned from Cadiz and Lisbon; which cities would have thrown open their gates at his approach, and pressed upon his prey; but the lion retreated, saying to his army, "When it is proper to fight a battle I will do it; meanwhile, be

assured there is nothing dearer to my heart than your honour, and the honour of our country."

On reaching Astorga, we were obliged to abandon our heavy baggage, shoot our sumpter-mules and horses, sacrifice the military chest, and start barrels of dollars into ravines and rivers. In fact, everything and everybody that could not keep up with the columns was lost. All sorts of horrors were committed, and every deprivation and human misery were endured.*

On being joined by Soult at Astorga, Napoleon gave him 70,000 men, and ordered him to pursue the English army. Frequent skirmishes took place between the French advanced and our rear-guard; and, at Lugo, Sir John Moore offered battle to Soult, but this was refused, and the retreat continued.

On the 11th of January, after a retreat of 250 miles over a dangerous and difficult country, harassed by an enemy infinitely superior in numbers,

* The following is one instance among many :—The child of one of the soldiers' wives, who had died of hunger and fatigue, was found clinging and trying to draw sustenance from the dry breasts of its lifeless mother. A soldier of a Highland regiment took the infant, carried him along with him, and now fosters and calls him his child.

but who always refused to meet in regular battle, the army took up its position in front of Corunna.

At this early period of the Peninsular war little light shone upon us as to the real state of Spain. Neither Mr. Frere, our Minister to the Supreme Junta, nor the military emissaries who were sent to collect information, at all comprehended the character of the contest in which we were engaged. If we had the mass of the people with us, there was no method adopted by which to influence, guide, or direct their course. Colonels Doyle, Dyer, Whittingham, Carrol, Roach, and other individual officers deputed by Government, and attached to the head-quarters of the different Spanish armies, saw things *couleur de rose*, and made their reports rather from what they wished and hoped, than from what they really saw ; and the publication of these reports in England excited expectations that were attended by bitter disappointment. Still the universal feeling of Spain was good ; the heart of the cause was sound and beat truly ; and the Doyles and the Dyers were proved to be ultimately correct in their opinions, though they were somewhat too sanguine in their reports. In the work published in vindi-

cation of Sir John Moore's memory, by his brother, all the circumstances of his campaign, the retreat, the battle, the victory, and his for-ever-to-be-honoured death, are so distinctly detailed, that I shall only here insert the official letters which filled the United Kingdom with mourning and admiration. "Not a drum was heard" when Moore, one of "England's best soldiers," was wrapped in his military cloak, and buried in the field on which he was the conqueror over all but Death. Nor was there a murmur when the prowess and great military accomplishments he had displayed in this wonderful retreat were made known to the generous, intelligent, and right-judging people of England.

The first letter is from the brave Sir David Baird, who lost his arm in the battle:—

H.M.S. Ville de Paris, at Sea,
MY LORD, *January 18, 1809.*

By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. A severe

wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the enclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack. The Honourable Captain Gordon, my aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this despatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. BAIRD, Lieutenant-General.

The following letter is from the third in command, and addressed by him to Sir David Baird, the surviving though desperately wounded successor to the Commander-in-Chief. It is considered beautiful, as a specimen of clear, simple, and intelligent composition, and comparable even with the renowned reports of Julius Cæsar.

H.M.S. Audacious, off Corunna,

SIR,

18th January, 1809.

In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant. It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front. This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42nd regiment and the brigade under Major-

General Lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest. I lament to say, that, soon after the sword-wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able dispositions, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged. The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-General Paget with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack defeated this intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 52nd regiments, drove the enemy before him; and, in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position.

This circumstance, with the position of Lieu-

tenant-General Fraser's division, (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line,) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter; they were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders.

Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which, however, in general, maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occu-

pied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and a fire upon his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were reassembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy who, from his number and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I know was the fixed and previous determination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had been already made by his order, and were, in fact, far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed,

and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five in the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitting exertions of Captains the Honourable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the royal navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were intrusted with the service of embarking the army, and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before daylight. The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land-front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town. The enemy pushed his light troops

towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But, notwithstanding this circumstance and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon; Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land-front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously removed, embarked before one this morning. Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers, and advan-

tageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantages. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Douro afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved ; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular troops in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued. These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperi-

ous necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered it indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation.

The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck, Manningham, and Leith, and the brigade of guards under Major-General Warde. To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crawford, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quartermaster-General, and the officers of the general staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General,

deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade, during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked. The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from 700 to 800: that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen, or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, 92nd regiment; Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed: Lieutenant-Colonel Winch, 4th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, 59th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, of the

guards ; Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded. To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service ; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory ; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served. It remains for me only to express my hope that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the

unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-General Sir D. Baird, &c.

SUCH was the termination of the first expedition in the afterwards successful war in the Peninsula. But still there was consolation in the midst of the national disappointment. How glorious was the final triumph at Corunna! how thoroughly was the enemy not only repulsed in his attack, but completely beaten from his own ground! "In the evening our picquets occupied more advanced positions than they had done in the morning."

Then the embarkation in the silence and darkness of night—so magically effected! Well might we exclaim, "Now are the evils of Pandora's box exhausted, and we find 'Hope' at the bottom!"

Only two days before the event above referred to, Marshal Victor fell in with a Spanish corps, near Aranjuez, and destroyed it. They had escaped from the battle of Tudela to be scattered to the winds. On the 27th of the same month

Soult captured Ferrol, where he found 1600 pieces of cannon, vast magazines, three frigates, and several smaller vessels. To these reverses must be added the fall of Saragossa, the history of which will be an eternal monument of her heroic defence and her General's glory. This city, the capital of Arragon, after being besieged for three-quarters of a year, and assailed by uninterrupted attacks ; having also suffered a month's fire from open trenches, when the breach was practicable and the town entered, had continued for twenty-three days fighting from house to house ; was at last compelled to surrender. Fortunate was it for Saragossa that the Spanish flag was struck to that truly noble warrior Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, who conducted the siege, and who, so far from avenging the obstinacy of the defence, held it up as an example of heroism to his own soldiers, and, having declared it unequalled in ancient or modern times, called upon them to spare the inhabitants from the horrors usually awaiting a fortress carried by storm.

On the 25th of February General St. Cyr, at the battle of Vals, routed the Spaniards, and took their artillery at the point of the bayonet—a weapon the French army used with great success

against the undisciplined corps of the Iberian Peninsula, but which they have never wielded without being worsted against the soldiers of Britain.

On the 12th of March the second French expedition against Portugal took the field under Marshal Soult, and carried Chaves, where he found large magazines. Soult then defeated the Portuguese, who made a hardy resistance at Lanhozo, and the following day Oporto was obliged to receive the tri-coloured flag. On the 27th, however, the allies had a turn in their favour, when the British and Spanish troops took Vigo. On the 29th of the same month the Bishop of Oporto, a patriot in lawn sleeves, with his crosier in one hand and the cross in the other, set forth, like a good shepherd, to destroy the wolves of France, under Soult; but he was vanquished and routed, with the loss of 20,000 men, killed in the battle or drowned, and 200 pieces of cannon.

The dawn of brighter days now broke upon the sacred cause of freedom and justice. On the 6th of April, Austria declared war against France; and on the 10th, Napoleon left Paris to take the field against the troops of that country, under the Archduke Charles. At the opening of this campaign

Austria had in the field, including the landwehr or militia, 550,000 men in Germany and Italy, while the French had not above 200,000, including the troops furnished by the Confederation of the Rhine.

CHAPTER V.

Lieut. Meerhay joins the Vestal—Sir John Douglas—Caroline Princess of Wales—The Defence of Acre—Djezzar Pacha—Capture of the French Flotilla—Major Oldfield—Arrival at Acre of Hassan Bey's fleet—The British in the Breach—Redeeming act of Djezzar Pasha—Retreat of the French—Sir Sidney Smith—Anecdotes—Nazareth.

WE must now raise our telescope and give a glance at the sea. In the beginning of this year, having been recalled from the recruiting service (among the Lancashire Witches) to join the headquarters at Woolwich, I was soon embarked in the command of a detachment of Royal Marines, in his Majesty's pretty little frigate of 28 guns, the Vestal, under the orders of Captain E. L. Graham ; a good fellow, and who had been a lieutenant with Sir Edward Pellew, when, in conjunction with his friend Reynolds, they drove the French 74 on shore.

While I was doing duty at Woolwich I became acquainted with Sir John Douglas, one of the

field-officers of that division of Marines. The distinguished part Sir John had taken in the glorious defence of Acre, with Sir Sidney Smith, and for which he had been knighted by George III., had singled him out from amongst the bold many of the corps. Douglas bore his "heart" upon his shield, and was descended from those heroes of the north whom verse and legendary tale have handed down from generation to generation as of romantic and daring character. The Douglasses occupied a villa near Greenwich Park, and lived in good style. At their table I first met the ill-fated Princess of Wales, then heiress to that mighty throne from which she was afterwards sought to be hurled by her own husband and the ministers of England. Caroline Princess of Wales was at that time a fascinating woman; she possessed almost overpowering spirits, but was without guile and artless as a child. She well knew the Douglas's foible, and therefore, as soon as the dessert was laid and the servants had withdrawn, she playfully touched him upon a chord to which he always responded with a smile and a bumper of claret. "Come, Sir John," said the Princess, "we must drink our old toast,—the glorious memory of the Defence of Acre." At this, off went the chevalier like a Congreve rocket.

I was enchanted as he repeated the well-known details of this famous conflict, in which Napoleon was, for the first and last time, save the great exception of Waterloo, personally opposed to, *and beaten by*, a British commander. The only chance of Sir John's being checked in the career of his many-times-told tale was in the veto of his lady; but that was withheld by her exceeding partiality for the chief hero of the defence, Sir Sidney Smith, whose praises she loved to hear. The Douglas touched all the chords with the skill of an eye-witness and a master. He told us how the Turks were assured by the Council and inspired by the intrepidity of Sir Sidney Smith—how the assault was delayed by repeated sallies on the besiegers—how, and under what touching circumstances, the brave Major Oldfield, of the marines, fell in the sortie to destroy the mine. His eye rolled with a fine frenzy at the recollection of the strife, and for a moment he seemed lost in the intensity of his feelings. Then, like the last minstrel,

“He caught his measure wild,—

The old man raised his head and smil'd,”—

and gave us such a relation of the heroism displayed at Acre, of the rage of Bonaparte, and the disappointment of his troops, that even those

who had heard him over and over again listened with attention, and with that sort of agreeable association of the past and the present with which one always hears the national anthem of "God save the King." The peculiar character of *the defence of Acre* is, that Bonaparte, who had never before been beaten, commanded in person, and that the repulse of this formidable land attack was commanded by a British seaman, supported by British marines. Sir Sidney Smith, independently of his authority as commodore, had been clothed with the powers of minister extraordinary to the Sublime Porte, where he arrived on the 2nd of January, 1799, in the *Tigre*, of 80 guns. Thence he proceeded to Asia, he bearing with him the signet of the Sultan Selim.

Bonaparte opened the Syrian campaign with 12,000 men and some cannon, and had proceeded onward with his usual success, when Sir Sidney Smith, who arrived off Alexandria on the 8th of March, 1799, was informed by Commodore Trowbridge (whom he that day relieved in the command), that the French General was marching on St. Jean d'Acre. Having sent the *Theseus* off Jaffa on a particular service, he proceeded himself in the *Tigre*, of 80 guns, with some small vessels,

to the Bay of Acre, where he anchored on the 15th of the same month.

The monster in human shape who at this time commanded Acre, and who had but the negative virtue of personal courage, with "a thousand crimes," was *Djezzar* Pasha, his first name signifying his office of Bourreau, or executioner of the Bey. This ruffian, who had been more or less a rebel for twenty years, was to be recast by the Christian commodore, who immediately undertook to say that *Djezzar's* resistance to the French should be used as a means of his reconciliation with the Sultan, whom his insubordination had so long offended. Taming a tiger would not have been a more difficult task than bringing *Djezzar* to anything like rational sense, even of his own interest. Address, conciliation, firmness, and resolution, were the expedients, by turns, resorted to, and happily not without success, till at last Sir Sidney was able to use *Djezzar* as Bruno did his dogs, for his own protection, and to fly at the throats of his enemies. But there never was such a monster as our Christian hero's confederate, and the partaker of his lasting military fame.

Let us pause a moment, and take a peep at his story. Ahmad, *alias* *Djezzar* Pasha, was born

in the province of Bosnia, and at sixteen years of age escaped to Constantinople, to avoid prosecution and punishment for an atrocious attempt to violate his brother's wife. In the narrow hiding-places of the ancient Byzantium he might have starved in safety, had he not sold himself to a slave-merchant, who carried him to Egypt. At Cairo he was purchased by Ali Bey, who took a fancy to him, and put him amongst his Mamelukes. Ahmad soon became distinguished for a perfect contempt of danger and an insinuating address, qualities which made him invaluable as a double-edged tool in the hands of a cruel tyrant. Had Ali a rival Bey or obnoxious Cachéf to put out of the way, Ahmad was immediately put in requisition, and his return, with the head of his victim on a halbert, proved his terrible success. Such success must be recompensed ; so he was favoured by Ali with confidence and gold, and by his comrades and companions with the surname of Djezzar, Egorgeur, or executioner. But the star of his fortune was dimmed by blood, and the weapon became dangerous to the hand that used it. Ali Bey was of a dark, suspicious nature ; a sense of obligation was irksome to him, and he imagined an affront and cause of complaint against his neighbour and benefactor, Saléh Bey.

As the shadow follows the light, so did death succeed suspicion in the mind of Ali.

He sent for Djazzar, and demanded the head of Saléh ; but, whether from some secret view, or some undefined feeling of remorse, or a strange interest for his destined prey, Djazzar not only refused the bloody mission, but remonstrated with his master. A mocking devil sat upon the lip of Ali, and his eye fell darkly upon Amhad, whom he put in arrest. On learning the following day that Mohammed Bey had accepted his office and murdered Saléh, Djazzar felt that he must again seek security by flight ; and, having escaped the vigilance of his guard, he hid himself again in the City of many Towers. There he wished to obtain an employment of trust equal to that he executed so exactly in Egypt ; but, as he approached the portals of power with empty though blood-stained hands, he was dismissed at the gate by the Swiss. Despair again drove him forth, and he embarked in a vessel bound to Syria, determined to engage as a common soldier in the service of the first Pasha who would hire him. Chance threw him amongst the *Druzes*, and he ate salt in the house of the Kyaya of the Emir Yousef. Soon after he repaired to Damas, where

the interest of his host, the Kyaya, obtained for him the appellation of Aga, with the command of six colours, or a body of 50 men. By and by the Emir of the Druzes intrusted him with the government of Bayruth ; but he had hardly taken the command when he betrayed his new master, and with his own hand planted the standard of the Sultan on the walls of the town. The Emir Yousef, furious at his treason, called on the Pacha of Damas for redress, but, being wearied with assurances that were forgotten as soon as made, he joined *Dahers*, Scheick or Chief of one of the most powerful tribe of Arabs on the coast ; a treaty, offensive and defensive, was signed between them ; and they immediately besieged Bayruth. The place was attacked from the land approaches by the allied troops, and bombarded from the sea by two Russian frigates, whose co-operation the Emir and the Scheick had purchased for 600 purses (9000*l.*). Djezzar's defence was as desperate as his situation. His resistance surprised and excited the admiration of his enemies ; so that, when he was at the last extremity, and every ray of hope had passed away, he offered to surrender to the Scheick, who, charmed with his courage, readily received his submission, and, glad

to obtain and attach to his interest so brave a fellow, he immediately conveyed him to St. Jean d'Acre, which place belonged to him, and was the capital of his small dominion. Such men ever run into extremes. His friendship for, and confidence in, his prisoner, was without limit ; he not only struck off his chains, but placed him amongst his superior officers, and endowed him with the command of an expedition into Palestine. No sooner was the muzzle off the villain, (who must have been born a traitor,) than he betrayed his new benefactor, went over to the Turks, and engaged in the service of the Pasha of Damas.

In a little while a war between the Porte and the Pashas of Syria furnished Djazzar with an opportunity of developing himself to the Capitan Pasha, or Commander-in-chief of the Ottoman fleet. Having taken care to get employed near the Turkish Admiral, he wheedled himself into his confidence, and got leave to accompany him to an attack on St. Jean d'Acre. Thus, his knowledge both of persons and of the locality, aided by his subtle and daring nature, enabled him to excite a revolt and carry the town, and all but capture the person of his former benefactor, the Scheick Dahers, who had hardly time to throw

himself on his horse, and escape by the land gate. The women of his seraglio sought to follow him, but were pursued by the ruthless Ahmad. Dahers stopped to succour, and, if possible, to save, the beautiful companions of his flight ; and, supported by a few faithful followers who had come up, he made a rally, and attempted to cover their retreat. But the bloody Djezzar was there, and with one blow of his poniard he struck Dahers dead at his feet—*the man to whom he stood indebted for life and freedom !* The body of this betrayed and murdered master lay bleaching near the city which he had governed, no one daring to give it burial, till it was forgotten, except by a few attached Arabs, who collected his bones and placed them in a grave, which they covered with a single stone, and on which they simply traced his name,

“ DAHERS,”

in the Arabic character.

The part which Djezzar took in the capture of Acre, however shocking in its nature, procured his appointment to be Pasha of it, and of Saïd (Sidon). From this moment his career advanced. The government of Damas was added to Acre and Sidon, and he became the most powerful chief

on the Syrian coast. But that which gave additional éclat to his power was the swelling title of “ Emir-adjî ” (Prince of Pilgrims), which was attached to the office of Pasha of Damas. Nor was this merely a nominal dignity : it engaged him to give escort, as far as Mecca, to the various caravans of pilgrims who yearly paid a visit to the Holy City. This duty not only required the “ Emir-adjî ” to protect the pious pilgrims on their weary way, but it obliged him, *under indemnity*, to supply the wants of the caravans, and to contract with the Arabs of the desert for the transport of men and necessaries. This, to a man of Djezzar’s genius for trick and cupidity, was made the means of prodigious profit. Once in possession of his power, Djezzar was able to indulge in his horrid propensity for pillage and blood. The territories which were united under his sway, and over which he held independent sovereignty, had no refuge from his power. He was absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects ; and every day saw him increase in cruelty and confiscation.

It would be sickening to follow the monster through his course of carnage ; but some instances may be quoted from his historian, the late *Louis*

Dameisian, from whose interesting Travels in Syria and the Desert my materials for this notice have been taken.

Of the two capitals of his dominions, Djezzar chose Acre for his residence, a preference most probably given to the position of the place, which was almost an island, therefore safe from surprise and easy of defence. His favourite dwelling was in a kiosque or chapel belonging to his palace, the windows of which commanded the principal street of the city.

Every morning he came into this kiosque, and took his seat on a cushion or divan, which was so placed that he could at his ease examine every individual who appeared in the street ; and, if it so happened, (as it frequently did happen,) that a passenger had either a look or manner or dress that displeased the Pasha, he sent one of his officers to invite him to his presence. If the invitation was declined, force was employed, and the unfortunate victim soon found himself before the terrible Pasha. He, of course, with trembling voice and shaking frame, begged to know the pleasure of his Highness ? “ Thy face displeases me,” answered the mocking Pasha ; “ thou hast a squinting eye.” He would then order one of his officers to split

the nose of the stranger, or cut off his ear, or to punch out the offensive eye,—or perhaps do the bloody business himself. One day he was in his divan, and in the act of being shaved, when a Turk crossed the street, with what the tyrant considered an awkward gait. He instantly ordered him up, and then directed his “Birber-bachi,” or chief barber, to tear out one of his eyes. The poor barber was frightened, and hesitated. “Ho! ho!” cried Djezzar, “you have qualms, have you? Come hither, sirrah! and I’ll give you a lesson.” The chief barber drew nigh, when the cruel Pasha thrust the fore-finger of his right hand into the socket of his eye, and forced out the ball, which he seized between his finger and thumb, tore it apart, and threw it in his victim’s face.

On another occasion the fancy took him, as he was reclining on his sofa, to have every man who appeared in the street arrested and brought before him. They were ranged on either side of him till their numbers filled the place. “O! Pasha,” said his officer, “what is thy will? no more can be brought into thy terrible presence for want of room.” Djezzar raised himself up, and his searching eye passed over the trembling crowd. Then sinking back, as if wearied with looking, he said,

“ Hang the persons on my left hand, and give a good breakfast to those on my right !”

So sweeping a sentence, however,—so wicked and wilful a sacrifice of human life,—produced great consternation in the city. The wives, children, and relations of so many martyrs to the capricious tyrant rushed to his palace, and filled the air with their cries and lamentations. Still the work of murder in cold blood proceeded, and, as the last victim perished on the cord, Djezzar appeared at his window, and thus addressed the people : “ What would ye of me ? I am but the executioner of the will of God.” “ *It is written—it is written,*” superstitiously repeated the families of the victims ; and they went their way.

If a baker, butcher, or other merchant, was reported to sell short of measure or weight, Djezzar would disguise himself, go to the shop, and ascertain the fact, and, if proved, the tongue of the culprit was instantly torn out to a sufficient length to nail him by it to the door of his shop. Sometimes the ear was preferred to attach the offender by. But neither of these monstrous inventions of torture satisfied this Pasha. If a butcher happened to be the delinquent, he was hung by the chin in his own shambles, amidst the meat ex-

posed for sale, and there left to linger or die during a whole day.

The existence of such a monster could only be protected by spies, and death awaited even suspicion;—for it was better, he declared, that ninety and nine innocent beings should be immolated, than that *one* guilty of even imagining his death should be abroad. It once happened that an eaves-dropping *mouchard* brought word to Djezzar that there was a project amongst his servants to murder his favourite physician, who was besides a Frenchman, and the object of their jealousy and hatred. This promised sport to the Pasha, who disguised himself as one of his grooms, and at night went into the stables and entered into the project of the conspirators, who, thinking him one of themselves, entertained him with all the particulars of their plan. The artful, bloody, and dexterous Djezzar suggested some improvements to insure success without risk, and concluded by asking to be allowed himself to give the fatal blow. It may be naturally supposed that such a test of intrepidity was not refused. A ladder was required to mount upon a terrace, over which the physician was to pass, and Djezzar undertook to have the ladder ready for the following night. When the

time arrived, it was agreed that he should first mount upon the terrace, and then make the signal for his confederates to ascend the ladder one after another as he wanted them, each waiting for the sign. In due time the disguised Pasha went up the ladder, and took his station on the terrace. The signal was made, and the first groom mounted ; but no sooner had he put his foot on the terrace than his head rolled to the ground under the blow of Djezzar. The signal was repeated—a second servant ascended—and another head fell beneath the scimitar. And so he continued to call them up and to destroy them, till in a quarter of an hour all his new allies, to the number of ten, lay headless trunks upon the terrace. When the last lay stretched dead before him, and he had assured himself there was no lingering victim left, he coolly wiped and sheathed his gory sword, descended and removed the ladder, retired to his room in the chapel, and slept.

The next morning, when the doctor passed over the terrace, he started back, and was appalled at seeing the heads and carcasses of the grooms stretched along the way and floating in blood ; he crept with terror to the chamber of Djezzar, who listened and frowned, then laughed, and told him the story.

Many years after the death of the villain Djezzar Pasha, mutilated victims to his capricious cruelty might be seen in the streets of Acre, and amongst them no less a personage than his Malhim-hahim (Minister of Finance), an honest Jew, who served the same office in the reign of his successor, and who had the rare reputation, for one of his race, of fair and liberal dealing. This high functionary had an eye, an ear, and part of his nose torn away by the ferocity of the Bey, and he endeavoured to mask his misfortunes under patches and a wig.

Still, by the imposing qualities of his valour, and the distinguished part he took in the chivalrous defence of Acre, the memory of Djezzar is held in awe and veneration by his survivors and successors in this famous city. To be sure, it was here the career of Bonaparte was first stopped; it was here that his attacks failed. He who had passed a triumphant army over the tortuous track of the chamois, and rode rough-shod, as it were, across the Alps, could not penetrate the single gate of Acre. Here was the check to the expedition to the East; for, had Acre fallen, the aspect of affairs in Europe and in India might have marvellously changed.

The city of Acre stands, like Cadiz, in the midst of the sea, and therefore affords great facilities for naval co-operation and determined defence. Yet, when Sir Sidney Smith landed there, and showed Djezzar the powers he brought from the Sultan to do all things in his name, and take whatever measures he thought best to resist the progress of the French forces in Syria, he found the Pasha restless and undecided. He began by showing the commodore a statement (from a cavalry officer of the name of La Salle, who had been brought in prisoner) of a formidable force, with which Bonaparte was marching to attack him, as well as a summons sent in by the French General for the surrender of the place. But as yet Djezzar had by no means satisfied himself that it was his interest either to oppose the French or to defend the town. After some desultory conversation the British commodore pressed these questions and insisted on positive answers, adding, with some warmth, "In ten minutes the batteries from that ship (pointing to the Tigre's broadside) will blow your palace about your ears."

"That cannot happen *while you are here*," said the Pasha coolly and significantly.

"*Raison de plus*," retorted the sturdy seaman ;

“ my orders are given, the men are at their guns, their matches are lighted, and the bare suspicion that I may be *detained* would be sufficient for prompt proceedings. In short, Pasha,” continued the Commodore, “ you have no alternative between obedience to the Sultan, whose power I hold, or in being now arrested, and sent a prisoner on board that ship, when *I will defend the town.*”

The devil had met his match at last, and more than his match, in a truly Christian hero; one whom the milk of human kindness has softened into a being so mild, so gentle, and yet so firm and brave, that his description is given in Bayard's motto, “ *Sans peur et sans reproche.*”

Djezzar Pasha, thus placed on the horns of a dilemma, and obliged to choose, paused for a moment; then stretched forth his hand to the British Commodore, and swore, by the beard of the Prophet, “ *that Acre never should surrender.*”

Every effort was now made to put the town in the best condition to meet the meditated attack. Its ruins were repaired, its defences strengthened, and the skill of colonel Philippeaux, of the artillery (a contemporary with Napoleon at the academy of Brienne), and who accompanied Sir Sidney in the Tigre, was conspicuously useful. On the night of

the 17th the enemy's advanced guard was discovered at the foot of Mount Carmel, by the boats of the *Tigre*, in which the British Commodore was himself rowing guard. These troops, not expecting to find a naval force of any description in Syria, occupied the beach, and were therefore exposed to a fire of grape-shot from the boats, which was instantly opened with astonishing effect. It threw them into indescribable confusion, blew their tents to ribbons, and drove them for safety beyond the range of the guns, to the acclivities of the mountains. Bonaparte, with the main body of the army, finding the approach along the beach and Mount Carmel so dangerous, made a detour inland and invested the town on the eastern side, but not without being much harassed by the Samaritan Arabs, who were more formidable, as well as more inimical to the French, than the Egyptians, being better armed. At the moment of taking up his position before Acre, Bonaparte had only two 12-pounders; but the battering-train for carrying on the siege was expected by water from Jaffa—a circumstance not unknown to the Commodore; so a sharp look-out to seaward was kept on board the *Tigre*. The enemy's flotilla had captured the *Torride*, and was smoothly rounding Mount Carmel,

when it was discovered from the mast-head of the Commodore. It consisted of a corvette, and nine sail of gun-vessels. Appalled at the sight of the British flag, they endeavoured to fly; but the Tigre was under weigh as if by magic. Our guns soon reached them, and seven struck their colours. The corvette, containing Bonaparte's private property, and two small vessels, escaped; for it was necessary to discontinue the chase in order to secure the prizes. And *what* a prize was their cargo! —the battering-train of artillery, ammunition, platforms, and all the “*matériel précieux*” destined for the attack of Acre, and which, as Sir Sidney very naïvely observes, was so much wanted for its defence. The captured vessels were anchored off the town, manned from our ships, and employed in harassing the enemy's posts, impeding his approaches, and in covering the ships' boats, which were sent further in-shore, to cut off supplies and provisions coming coast-wise. We took their bark; so they had neither tan nor leather; and captured their sulphur, and prevented their making gunpowder. The battering-train was landed and mounted on the works of the town.

While these important operations were going
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on Lieutenants Bushby, Inglefield, Knight, and Stokes, and, though last, not least, Lieutenant Burton of the marines, particularly distinguished themselves. During five days and nights this flotilla and our boats incessantly worried the enemy, and by their brilliant example encouraged the Turks. The guns were fought by alternate watches, so that our men were either nodding or fighting ; while the enemy had no respite. At last the old saw about an ill wind was once again exemplified ; for a stormy equinoctial gale, blowing right into the unsheltered anchorage at Acre, compelled the Tigre and the squadron to put to sea, which they kept till the 6th of April, when the weather moderated, and they returned to the attack.

During their unlucky absence the enemy had pushed their approaches to the counterscarp, and even to the ditch of the N. E. angle of the town wall ; where they were employed in *mining* the tower, and endeavouring to increase a breach they had already made in it, but which was not practicable, although they had attempted to storm during the absence of the squadron, on the 1st instant. This mine immediately became a subject of great anxiety, and it was determined to attack it with

the marines and seamen of the squadron, while the Turks assaulted the trenches on both its flanks. The sally took place purposely before daylight on the 7th ; but, with such noisy and ill-disciplined allies as the Turks, surprise could hardly be hoped for. However, their deficiency in caution was supplied by their valour, and success attended the enterprise. Lieutenant Wright (whose mysterious death, at another period, throws suspicion on the character of Napoleon) led the seamen, and was admirably supported in this desperate service by Major Douglas, Captain of the Marines of the Tigre, to whom the local rank of Colonel was given, to enable him to command the Turkish superior officers. Major Oldfield, who commanded the Theseus's marines, fell gloriously, at the head of his men ; and Lieutenants Wright and Beatty, of the marines, were wounded—Lieutenant Wright so severely, that, with Mr. Janvoim and others, he would not have had strength to get out of the enemy's trenches if he had not been rescued and brought away by Douglas.

The mine was now searched to the bottom, its direction verified, its supports pulled down, and the work destroyed.

The retreat to the garrison was covered by the

fire of the *Theseus*, who had taken up a position for the purpose.

The Turks, on their part, and in proof of their terrible prowess, brought in sixty men's heads, besides muskets and intrenching tools, which were an irreparable loss to the besiegers. The possession of the body of the brave Major Oldfield became an object of strife between his comrades and the enemy, after the retreat of the former to the lines. A hook rope from the wall caught his coat, and another part of his dress was taken hold of by a hook fastened to the end of a sponge-staff from the trenches. Each party pulled with all their strength, when the coat was torn away, and the body was obtained by the French, who, under the direction of Bonaparte, buried it with military honours, as was notified to the Commodore by an official letter signed Alexander Berthier. When the corpse was laid out at head-quarters, General Bonaparte sent for the prisoners taken in the *Tigre's* launch at Kaiffa, and asked them if those were not the remains of Sir Sidney Smith ; and he seemed unwilling to believe their denial. The remaining part of the scarlet uniform however, the Major's commission, and a certificate of his distinguished services at the Cape of Good Hope, found in the one pocket left,

proved his identity, and caused his memory to be respected by him who, with all his faults, was brave himself, and ever showed "*honneur aux braves.*"

Nothing daunted by their late reverse, the enemy continued to make the most vigorous efforts to carry the place ; and the Commodore, in his official letter, written under the walls of Acre on the 2nd of May, states, " that the garrison made occasional sorties, under the cover of our boats, in which the most essential service was rendered by Lieutenant Brodie and Mr. Atkinson, of the *Theseus*, and Mr. Joes, the master of the *Tigre.*"

" Yesterday," he continues, " the French, after many hours' tremendous cannonade from 30 guns, brought from Jaffa, made a fourth attempt to mount the breach, but were repulsed with loss ; and nothing but desperation could have urged them on—for the *Tigre* was moored on one side the town, and the *Theseus* on the other, and flanked its walls ; while gun-boats, launches, and rowing-boats enfiladed their trenches and worried them to madness."

During these operations some of our bravest and best fell ; amongst them Capt. Wilmot, who was shot by a rifleman in the trenches. Colonel

Philippeaux, too, of the engineers, who had planned and superintended the execution of the works for the defence, fell, from fatigue, fever, and exhaustion. Colonel Douglass, of the marines, who had hitherto acted with him and under him, succeeded to his place ; while Lieut. Knight, on the ramparts, kept up an incessant fire within half-pistol-shot of the enemy.

Things went on in this desperate way till the 30th of May, when Sir Sidney Smith was able to inform his government that Bonaparte's expedition to Syria had completely failed, and that, after *fifty-three days' siege*, the enemy had retreated.

The tiger was now turned, foiled if not vanquished : Acre was delivered, and India safe from depredation. In his letter to Lord Nelson, giving the details of these chivalrous and hardly credible proceedings, Sir Sidney says, " Our best mode of defence had been frequent sorties, to keep *them* on the defensive and impede the progress of their covering works. We have thus been *in one continued battle* ever since the beginning of the siege, interrupted only at short intervals by excessive fatigue on both sides." Like mastiffs they lay down to pant, then rose to fight again.

But their means were wasting away, and they

stood in great need of reinforcement, which had been delayed in consequence of Hassan Bey having been ordered to join Sir Sidney in Egypt, but who had shown some reluctance to do so. However, on the evening of the 7th of May, being the fifty-first day of the siege, Hassan, with his fleet of corvettes and transports, made his appearance. The approach of this additional strength spurred Bonaparte to a vigorous, persevering, and desperate assault, in the hope of carrying the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark. "The constant fire of the besiegers," says the Commodore, "was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from afloat was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulments to protect him from it." The enemy were gaining ground, and had made a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower, and at daylight the French flag was floating on the outward angle of the tower. Our fire had slackened, while that of the enemy had increased : he had covered himself in this lodgment and the approach to it by traverses across the ditch, which were formed of dead bodies and sand-bags, over the top of which the French bayonets bristled. Hassan

Bey's troops were in the boats, and pulling—but only half-way on shore. It was at this most critical point of the contest that it was necessary to make a last effort—a sort of death struggle—to preserve the place till the reinforcement arrived. The Commodore, therefore, instantly landed at the Mole, with his boats'-crews armed with pikes, and, with Douglass and his marines, rushed to the ramparts. There they found the Turks striking down the assailants with heavy stones, which they threw upon their heads. As these fell, others mounted on their bodies to scale the breach. The muzzles of the muskets touched, the spear-heads of the standards locked—but *the British were in the breach !*

What a scene for a picture ! If the hero of a thousand battles is to be depicted on the bridge of Arcola, leading his men, and forcing their way across it, give me the hero of Acre, stopping up the breach with Douglass and the marines and seamen, and obliging the victor at Arcola to retreat across the sands of Syria !

Djezzar Pasha, on being told *the English were at the breach*, quitted his station (where, according to the custom of his country, he was sitting to reward those who brought him the heads of the enemy, and distributing cartridges with his own

hands), and flew to the spot. When he got there at the head of his men he disputed for the post of danger and honour, declaring that if his English friends were killed all was lost. This was indeed a redeeming act in his atrocious life, and who would wish to deprive him of the benefit of it?

Meanwhile the first body of Hassan Bey's troops came up. On Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount stood Bonaparte, surrounded by his generals and staff. His gesticulation indicated a renewal of the attack, and his despatching an aide-de-camp showed that he waited only for a reinforcement. Some alteration was now made in the disposition of our squadron, in consequence of the arrival of Hassan's ships; when, a little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with steady steps. The Pasha's idea was not to defend the breach this time; but, according to the Turkish mode of defence, to let some of them in, and then fall upon them. The enemy's column thus mounted the breach unopposed, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden; where, in a few minutes, the bravest and foremost amongst them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for a French bayonet. The rest re-

treated precipitately ; their commanding officer was carried off wounded by a musket-shot, and General Rombauid was killed. After so many repulses, it struck the Commodore that the superstition of the Syrians, as to the invincibility and almost charmed life of their Gallic invaders, must be on the wane. He therefore wrote a circular letter to the princes and chiefs of the Christians of Mount Lebanon, and also to the Sheikhs of the Druses, recalling them to a sense of their duty, and engaging them to cut off the supplies to the French camp. This letter had the desired effect. They sent envoys to promise not only friendship but obedience ; and, as a proof of their sincerity, they sent out parties to arrest any of the mountaineers who were carrying wine or powder to the enemy, and soon placed 80 prisoners of this description in the Commodore's power. By these means Bonaparte's career northward was effectually checked by a war-like people occupying a difficult country. General Kleber's division had been recalled from the fords of the Jordan ; and, from its fame and discipline, was expected to carry the obstinate town : but, after various ineffectual efforts, counteracted by a successful sortie from the Turkish Chifflich regiment, the French troops, sickened with disappoint-

ment and disgust, at last refused to go to the breach over the putrid bodies of their unburied comrades. Subordination being thus shaken and hope destroyed, nothing was left for Bonaparte and his army but retreat ; which they did in the night between the 20th and 21st of May ; when the English flag was hoisted at the Consul's house—under which the Pasha and Sir Sidney Smith met, “and made it an asylum for all religions of every description of the surviving inhabitants.”

I have been led into long details of the renowned defence of Acre. But it forms so dazzling a spot in the escutcheons of my personal friends, and so luminous a page in the history of the Marine Corps, that I have not dwelt longer upon its merits than they deserve ; so, at least, impartial judges will allow—and I appeal to none other.

I will conclude my story of Acre with an extract from that part of the King's speech which alluded to its defence, when George III. opened his Parliament on the 24th of the September following.—“The French expedition to Egypt has continued to be productive of calamity and disgrace to our enemies ; whilst its ultimate views against our Eastern possessions have been utterly confounded. The desperate attempt which they

have lately made to extricate themselves from their difficulties has been defeated by the Turkish forces, directed by the skill and animated by the heroism of a British officer (Sir Sidney Smith), with a small portion of my naval and marine force under his command."

It is almost forty years since these events happened, and I still enjoy the society of this skilful and heroic British officer. Though now an old man, his mind retains all its freshness and vigour. His gray hairs fall in profusion on his still handsome countenance, and his manners are so mild and conciliating that the little children go to him. He likes good fellowship—kindles over his claret, and fights his battles "o'er and o'er again ;" and, while concluding a social evening, with a cigar, will put a match to the mind and show how the day was won.—A braver or a better man never breathed, and few have so much general information, or a more attractive way of communicating it. When in authority his power has always been directed to the purposes of benevolence and humanity. With the Sultan's signet, he comparatively tamed the savage Pasha ;—threw open the dungeons of Acre, and delivered even his enemies from death.

He went to Syria soon after he had broken the bolts of the prison of the Temple at Paris,—in which he had been immured for two years, in the same cachot from which Louis XVI. and the beautiful Marie Antoinette passed to the scaffold.

Although during that period he suffered enough to make him hate his species, his amiable character underwent no change; his tranquillity of mind never left him. From the bars of his prison he contrived to establish a sort of telegraphic communication, and procured money, with which he conciliated his gaoler and bought information and succour. It was then, he declares, that he studied mankind, and became acquainted with himself: for, (to use his own words,) “if two years’ solitary communion with a man’s own heart in a dungeon does not make him know himself, nothing can.”

Possessed of astonishing intellectual resources and fertile invention, he contrived the whole plan of his escape, and brought it to bear; and when he had so far succeeded, and reached the coast, and met the boatman, already engaged to his service, he directed him exactly how to shape his course, and pointed out the spot where, according to the wind and tide, he would most probably fall in

with the British squadron. They went out with the fishing-vessels, and, as soon as they had got the offing, steered to the indicated ground, where, sure enough, they found the squadron which, two years before, he had himself commanded.

The boat was received alongside His Majesty's ship the ————, of ——— guns; the disguised Commodore sprung to the deck, and was announced to the Captain as a British subject escaping from a French prison to England.

"Pray, Sir, tell me," said the Captain, anxiously, "how is our beloved commander? how do they treat him? how is Sir Sidney Smith?"

"*As you see him: he stands now before you,*" was the reply.

Nine-and-thirty years afterwards, when the illustrious seaman told me the story, the spring-tide rose to his eyes, and his heart was baffled, when he added with deep emotion,—"These were sweet sounds, and at the very instant, too, when I felt that *I was myself again.*"

I must add, that Sir Sidney cherishes all his old prejudices against Napoleon—he either cannot, or will not, comprehend or allow the talent or genius of that wonderful man. Amongst other things, Sir Sidney Smith ever repeats the

charge he first launched against Bonaparte, and which Sir Robert Wilson subsequently repeated, of the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa. He declares "that Desgurnet, the physician, refused Napoleon's order to administer the death-drug, but that Royer did it;" and he added, that "Royer owned to his doing so to Hutchinson in my presence."

Now what are the facts of the case? In the hospital at Jaffa there were certain French soldiers attainted to a *hopeless degree* by the plague. *There Bonaparte had visited them, and touched them*, to encourage their attendants not to be afraid of contagion in giving them every assistance; but when a precipitate retreat became as peremptorily necessary as their removal or cure was impossible, he advised the physician to put them beyond the reach of the avenging Turk, who was coming quickly on with torture and lingering agony;—who would have flayed them piecemeal, and killed them by inches.—Say, reader, if thou hadst a brother, a comrade, or a dear friend in similar circumstances—what wouldst thou have done?—I, God forgive me! should have offered the poisoned cup; and, if the chances of war shall ever place me in so cruel a position, I

trust compassion will be at hand to do as much for me.

I was always glad to get Sir Sidney off this point,—one of the few upon which we did not agree,—and to get him to make an excursion into the neighbourhood of Acre ; before leaving which finally, I must observe that, just without the wall of the town, Djezzar Pasha built a beautiful mosque ; the interior court of which is paved with marble, and contains his tomb—into which he descended at an advanced age, without suffering that violent death which his cruelties and crimes, if punished in this world, would assuredly have subjected him to. But “ it was *not* so written ;” on the contrary, his name (as connected with the astonishing defence of Acre) is held in high and almost superstitious reverence by the inhabitants of the town and country. Nazareth, the birth-place of our Saviour, is the only outlet from the garrison by land ; thither the Commodore often rode, and, on one occasion, saved the lives of many convicts who had fallen under the displeasure of Djezzar, for even he, absolute as the tyrant was, dared not refuse to obey the pleasure of the British Knight, who bore the signet of the Sultan. At Nazareth a church has been built upon the spot where

Joseph and the Virgin dwelt, before their dwelling was transported on the wings of the wind to Loretto. This edifice is called the Church of the Annunciation; beneath the high altar you descend an excavation in the rock, and find two columns of granite; one marking the spot where Mary was sitting when the Angel Gabriel saluted her as the Mother of God, and the other is where the Angel stood when he delivered the annunciation. Here is the locality in which Joseph, the guardian of the infant Jesus, carried on the occupation of a carpenter, and the synagogue in which the Saviour expounded the text of Isaiah, and excited the enmity of his countrymen.—Here is the room in which he ate the Last Supper, and the precipice over which the multitude sought to hurl him.—Nazareth is situated in a beautiful vale, surrounded by a belt of rocky hills, which seem to shut it out from the world; here Jesus was born—to this spot he returned—in this still smiling and verdant valley he passed the days of his youth—here he ripened into manhood, and died;—after, by precept and example, giving us lessons which, even as regard our welfare and happiness on this side the grave, entitled him to our adoration and respect as the greatest and kindest moralist

the world ever saw ; but, as regards his divine mission, I do not presume to speak of him here.

The general features of the surrounding country are flat and uninteresting ; in the distance you behold a fine line of hills, called the Mountains of Israel, and which divide the Holy Land into two equal parts—cities, aqueducts, and the breakwater lay round about in ruin and decay.—“ The defenced town has become desolate, and the habitations of man a wilderness,—here the calf feeds, and the snake crawls, and the lizard shoots along the earth—on these now ruined spots Peter converted Cornelius, and St. Paul defended himself against the Jews,—by yon river called Kishon, Elijah arrested the Prophets of Baal, and ordered them to be taken down to the brook of Kishon and slain ; and they were taken down and slain. Mount Carmel, into which the Tigre’s gun-boats drove the French grenadiers for shelter, was the habitation of Elias ; and the monastery, which stands high upon it, was probably the first institution of the Carmelite Order ; legends, tales, and wonders are still told by the withered monks, who yet haunt the place.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Vestal—Rev. James Stanier Clarke—Dr. Clarke, “The Traveller”—Madeira—General Beresford—St. Michael’s—Convents—The beautiful Nun.

I AM now got on board the pretty Vestal, and have proceeded in her down the Thames, through the Downs (where, by the way, I was nearly swamped in one of those surfs which are so peculiar to Deal beach, and so dangerous), and anchored at Spithead. There the Captain received his sailing orders, which were contained in what, according to Jack’s vocabulary, was called “a roving commission.” We were to cruise in the Atlantic, proceed to Newfoundland, and come back when the winter drew nigh. So pleasant an excursion, during which we were to touch at

Madeira, and visit the Azores, or Western Islands, induced a very agreeable person to accept Captain Graham's invitation, and accompany us *en amateur*.—The Reverend James Stanier Clarke, librarian and chaplain to the Prince of Wales, being at the time engaged, with Mr. M'Arthur, in writing the life of Lord Nelson, thought very naturally that, on board a ship, and especially a cruising and visiting ship, he might collect anecdotes, and increase his stores of information respecting the illustrious seaman whose career, services, and character, occupied all his time and attention. Poor Clarke (he has been dead some years) was brother to Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, surnamed "The Traveller." Of his brother he used to speak with great deference, often dwelling with great veneration on "his brother's book." He was a fine, handsome man, with a simplicity and primitiveness of manner ; at the same time, he was subtle, dexterous, and of this world. He was on board the frigate which brought Caroline of Brunswick to England ; and he told a story of the giddy young Princess borrowing Captain Payne's nightcap, and some other innocent hoydenisms, that were not likely to please a person of such exclusive taste as her destined husband. However,

the pastor had the tact to preserve the advantage he derived from Her Royal Highness's introduction of him to the Prince of Wales; and, having got a place at Carlton House, and some church preferment to boot, he kept both for years after the separation of his illustrious benefactor; and, indeed, up to the day of his death.

Captain Graham of the Vestal was a perfect boy for fun; and he loved to get up a laugh at our author's expense. He used to concoct anecdotes and stories of Nelson, and have them ready cut and dried, and tell them as occasion served, or oftener get somebody else to tell them, as if by accident, after dinner. On these occasions Clarke's eye would sparkle; he would lay down his half-broken biscuit, and listen; and then he would say, with a chuckle—" *that will do for my book.*" Then out came his memoranda, and down it went with his ever-ready pencil. All this time we were absolutely expiring, and Graham's look and command of countenance were irresistible.

As we ran south, the blood, the thermometer, and our expectations, rose together; so that, hours before we should, according to our reckoning, make the land, I was on deck with my glass looking anxiously for the famous island of Madeira,

which my imagination had portrayed as the Eden of the earth.

“Land a-head, Sir!” was called at last from the foremost truck, and repeated from the top below ; and away I scampered up the shrouds to look for it. As we approached nearer and nearer, my sanguine expectation was succeeded by disappointment—“Faith,” said I, “it is not a place to make a song about, after all ; I prefer the Isle of Wight.”

“And who would not ?” replied little midshipman Peake. “But wait a while, Sir,” he continued, “that’s only Porto Santo, which is generally made before Madeira, and a barren place it is, about fifteen miles long and twelve broad : but at eight bells” (that was in about four hours) “you will not be disappointed.”

Nor was I. Madeira certainly is one of the most lovely spots in the creation. The emerald set in diamonds is nothing to its beauteous green and sparkling sea. Far and wide, hill and vale, all was vineyard, or gardens of plants and flowers. The vines sprung out of ruby earth, and were bursting with fruit. Funchal, with its graceful bay in front, looks like a city of alabaster, perfumed by the sweetest flowers. The villas in the

distance seemed the dwellings of fairies, clasped by the geranium and myrtle—with wild canaries and goldfinches singing and flying around. Higher up the mountain, sheltered by the cedar and native dragon-tree, in the bosom of plants, stands the still convent, with its dark cross, towering to the sky; while the cottages which are sprinkled about, are entwined by honeysuckles; and the hedges are everywhere formed of the jasmine and the rose, the larkspur, lupin, or lily. Then the climate—which is never hot, and never cold—eternal spring and summer—all the joys of youth and of manhood, without the attenuation of age, or the misery of a long wintry decay. Noxious or venomous creatures are unknown. The harmless lizard is almost the only reptile to be seen.

Such is Madeira; and when I landed and saw a new people, heard a strange language, with foreign costumes and foreign manners—all was new, all was charming. I was enchanted, entranced with delight; I seemed to tread on air, and felt ineffably happy.

When in 1419 the Portuguese discovered this island, it was uninhabited and covered with wood. They therefore called it Madeira. In the

course of a few months a settlement was made ; domestic animals introduced ; and the vine from Cyprus, and the sugar-cane, planted. Nature did the rest ; and the sugar and wine of Madeira became famous in the world. In after-times, the sugar-cane has been removed to give more room to the vine, which bears the palm and flourishes without a rival ; unless I except (which I must in conscience do) the produce of Xeres. But, if Sherry is the king, Madeira is the queen, and Hock the prince regent of white wines. "Hock and soda-water," said Byron ; but I think, with the Spaniards, that mixing any wine with water, even soda-water, is to spoil two good things. And, as to the respective claims of Sherry and Madeira to preference, each is so good that, like race-horses of *equal* breeding, power, and speed, whichever happens to be brought to the post *in the best condition* is sure to win.

The year preceding our arrival (1808), General Beresford, with a small British force, took possession of this island, under a conditional capitulation ; and, when we arrived, the great part of his force was still there, under the command of General Meade, with a strong detachment of artillery. The officers of this corps always took

care to have a good mess, and were very hospitable. They invited us to dinner, and I made myself quite ill with the new wine; for the old is not to be bought, and only to be tasted at the tables of the merchants. To the accidental acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language which Beresford here formed, he may perhaps owe his future connexion with the Portuguese army, of which, in a very few months afterwards, he became the Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief. How the Marshal shone in all the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, through the whole course of the Peninsular war, everybody knows; and his merit as one of the regency of Portugal, as the organizer and leader of the Portuguese armies, from victory to victory, from the Tagus to the Garonne, nobody will dispute. It was no common system, and no common man, who could, in the course of a few campaigns, have brought the Portuguese Caçadores, from what they were, to be the rivals in discipline and courage of our almost incomparable 95th.

After laying in as much wine as we could stow on board, for ourselves and our friends, we weighed anchor and stood for the Azores.

During a calm, which succeeded the setting sun

of the day on which we sailed, and which lasted many hours, we caught the turtle, shark, and dolphin. The first we ate with zest, accompanied by punch, after the true aldermanic receipts. The second we destroyed with delight, and contemplated the dying beauties of the last with admiration mingled with sadness. A breeze sprung up: we fired a shot at a water-spout; and soon after made the island of St. Michael's. This island, which is the largest of the Azores, would have seemed perfect, if we had not just come from Madeira. In beauty the former is certainly inferior, though perhaps it is equal in general fertility. The chief town, Ponta del Gada, like Funchal, is very attractive from the sea, and has an air of peculiar distinction, from its convents, several of which are large and imposing buildings. How did my young blood then—ay, and how does my old blood now!—spurn at these convents, or rather prisons for life of many young and beautiful women! To cage a bird, pen up the wild panther, or even cram plants into boxes,—all these are cruel and unnatural enough!—but to lock up these syrens, the very sighs or sound of whose voice can lift one to Elysium—the very thought of it is not patiently to be borne! The priests, who are false in their

generation, would persuade us that these “weddings to the Lord,” and abjuration of the joys of life, are spontaneous, voluntary, and agreeable to the inclinations of the maidens themselves. On the contrary, just before our arrival at St. Michael’s two of these doomed daughters to superstition (of the convent of Hope) had declared the most positive aversion to take the black veil. Their parents persisted: in vain did they implore for grace to return to their home, to society, and the world; and, when cant and menaces and curses failed, it was insinuated to them, in terms they could not mistake, that if, at the moment when they were to pass sentence on themselves for ever, they should shrink back, the insulted interests of religion would be appeased by their “being buried alive.” So that, when the moment to pronounce the fatal vow arrived, they just articulated “I swear” and fainted. The cêremony proceeded to the end, and their fate was to all appearances sealed for ever. It came to pass, however, that a gallant commander in our navy arrived in the bay, soon after, in one of his Majesty’s sloops; and, hearing the sad story, felt pity, and with one of his officers went to the convent, and, after the usual forms, got permission to see the nuns at a grate. On beholding their rare

and bewitching beauty, pity soon gave place to passion, a plan of escape was arranged, and again love laughed at the locksmith. There is nothing like a ship for the ways and means of carrying off prizes ; so, before they were missed in the convent, they were on the boundless sea ;—each blessed in the arms of her sailor.

During our stay we visited most of the convents. At the convent of the Conception, I was perfectly fascinated by the beauty and accomplishments of the sister Theresa Jacinta Amalia, and I had reason to flatter myself she was also pleased with “ *The Commandante de la Tropa de la Marina.*”

Upon special occasions, oratorios are performed in the convents ; and, from her magnificent voice, which was very little inferior either in power or sweetness to that of Catalani, Jacinta led the choir. But she also had another duty, which, in my delirium, I fancied might give me an opportunity. When it came, however, either from fear or modesty, or perhaps from the influence of both, the occasion was comparatively lost. During a tête-à-tête at the grate, Theresa told me she had, in turn, the charge of the granary ; so that about once a fortnight the key was confided to her by the Abbess to receive flour for the use of the convent. “ By St. Peter,

it is the key to heaven !" I exclaimed. Jacinta put her finger to her pretty mouth to enjoin silence ; I was dumb. " Then," she said, with a look that would have set the son of Sarai on fire,—“ then we may meet for a moment.” “ Yet, do not come,” she added, while a large tear glistened on her dark silky eyelash—“ do not come, for, if you are seen, you will be murdered or worse.” “ Never mind, never fear, Jacinta bella ;” I replied, “ La Santa Maria will protect you, and I have my sword.” “ Alas, but that will not avail you against the stiletto.” However, after a short struggle with herself, she again gave way, and said, “ Well, come then to-morrow morning at five ; go to the eastern angle of the convent : just by the great window is a small postern door, with a crucifix over it ; be there at five.” She murmured a short prayer, crossed herself, smiled, and went away.

I counted the hours from midnight, till four ; at five, as the clock of the convent struck, I was *there*. The key was softly put into the lock, which grated as the bolt fell back, but the door immediately opened, and the beautiful form of the nun stood defined before me. I sprung within the walls, and in an instant pressed the burning lip of Jacinta. She did not resist me, but her bosom

throbbed like the caught bird. Nineteen and twenty-one, May and June. My blood boiled like lava through my veins. We were in an agony of love and fear ; but fear is a master-passion, and we trembled together. “ For God’s sake, for my sake, for your Jacinta, go ! ” Another long delicious kiss ! another longer still ! one more ! *hark ! !* — we listened — footsteps. “ Fly ! ” exclaimed the terrified Thérèse, tearing herself from me, “ fly for your life ! ” I pressed the vestal to my heart, and, darting out, flew to her namesake at sea.

Before many days, perhaps happily for us both, the Atlantic Ocean rolled between us.

We got soundings on the great bank of Newfoundland, and pulled on board the most splendid cod-fish as fast as we could throw over the line.

A few words on leaving the Azores. They are a lovely group, and are called Maria and St. Michael, Terceira and St. George, Graciosa, Pico, and Fayal, and are situated 900 miles west of Portugal. It is now (1838) just 400 years since they were discovered by a heavy Dutchman of Bruges, called Vanderberg, who was driven on them in a storm, from whence he got safe into the Tagus. While at Lisbon he went into the cafés, and, over

his canon or dram, boasted of the discovery he had made, upon which the *then* enterprising Portuguese immediately equipped a vessel, set sail, and took possession of them, and they have retained them ever since.

The Peak of Pico is remarkably high, and is to be seen at a long distance at sea. When we entered the land-locked harbour of St. John's, the chief town of the island of Newfoundland, on the east side, which is well defended by forts, we found a British man-of-war of 50 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Halloway, and a frigate moored to their anchors. The town, which has been burnt down three times since (in 1816, 1817, and 1818), has, I hope, acquired something by its misfortunes. There was ample room for improvement, for never did I behold so long and dismal a string of unsavoury dwellings as the capital of Newfoundland then presented. Although his flag was flying afloat, the governor resided on shore in one of the principal forts. This *terre-neuve*, as the French call it, so renowned for dogs and cod-fish, is an island on the east coast of North America: it was for a long time the subject of covetous dispute between us and the French, owing to the extreme value of its fisheries,

which supply, more or less, every part of Europe and the West Indies, but especially Spain and Portugal, who live on little else than dried cod during their Lent and other constantly-recurring fasts. It was finally ceded to us by treaty in 1713. The whole island is larger than England, being 350 miles long and 300 broad. It is of a triangular form, and is only separated from the coast of Labrador at the north point by the Strait of Belle Isle. The settlements which we have formed are chiefly confined to the harbours, the country about Placentia, and the bays east, in the direction of Cape Raze, and from thence to Cape "Buena Vista." This name reminds us that this land was first discovered by a Spaniard, Don Sebastian Cabot, in the year 1496. It is a cold, mountainous, and happily a woody country, for the snow covers the ground during five months in the year. During the fishing season, which begins in May and terminates in September, more than 100,000 persons are calculated to come here to cure the cod, which they take on the Great Bank, which we had crossed on the south-east side of the island. Within the last fifty years Newfoundland has trebled its population, its inhabitants being, in 1789, 25,000, and now, at least 75,000. In the

winter they occupy themselves with cutting wood and felling timber, taking the smaller kind for fuel, and which some travellers say is drawn by their large dogs, trained up and harnessed for the purpose. I do not know whether the dogs come with the season, like the cod-fish, but while I was there I never saw any of these beautiful animals. The produce of the country is wood, game, fowl, and fish, but hardly any corn, cattle, or fruit, excepting cranberries, which are to be found in perfection as well as profusion.

It pleased the dear old Admiral, one day after dinner, to determine to send the *Vestal* on a cruise, with a hint to call at St. Michael's, and bring back some cattle and fruit. To be sure, the run was only a thousand miles. However, saying and doing go together on board ship; so away we shot with a fair wind and a flowing sheet, and in six days had gone from the ground on which the snow lies for nearly half the year, to those favoured isles where the snow is never known to fall.

White flags from the convents told us the *Vestal* was welcome. We all went and carried tribute to our different divinities. Jacinta, I thought, looked paler and thinner than when I saw her last. She told me she had not sung since the frigate had

sailed, and that her guitar, like her heart, was unstrung for ever. All the pleasure I anticipated in seeing her was damped by the utter hopelessness of our attachment, so that I was not sorry to find our stay shortened to the time required to take on board some stock for ourselves and the Admiral. We then sailed, and in a fortnight were again at anchor in the harbour at St. John's.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Spithead — Action in Basque Roads — Lord Gambier and Lord Cochrane — Battle of Talavera — General Mackenzie — Expedition to Flushing.

As autumn approached the Admiral desired us to start and rove our way to England ; so, having laid in a good supply of cranberries and cods' sounds, we sailed, and, after some cruising and squalls, crosses and gales, made the Lizard, worked up Channel, and anchored full of glee at Spithead.

On landing and meeting our friends, hearing the news, and going over the files of papers, we found that some striking events had happened during our absence. The Greek islands of Zauli, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, had been rescued from French

dominion, and their own government restored. Martinique had fallen into our hands, and a commercial treaty had been entered into with America. But what interested *me* most was the attack on the French squadron in Basque Roads, upon the merits of which there has always been much diversity of opinion; or, more clearly speaking, the question yet to be decided is, *to whom* the honour, which was indisputably gained there, of right belongs? It was the first occasion, I think, upon which the Royal Marine Artillery had been employed; and the subject, at the time, and at different periods since, has occupied my particular attention; I shall, therefore, simply lay the result of my inquiries before my readers, and leave them to distribute the laurel—"Palmarum qui meruit ferat."

Admiral Lord Gambier, with blue at the main, on board H.M.S. the *Caledonia*, of 120 guns, Commander-in-Chief in the Channel Soundings, anchored in Basque Roads on Saint Patrick's Day, 1809, with several sail of the line and some frigates. From a suspicion which haunted him that he should be attacked by fire-ships from Rochfort, he wrote to the Admiralty to suggest that they should enable him to attack the French fleet, at anchor off the Isle d'Aix, with the same weapons.

But the Admiralty, already apprized that the British squadron had got to the roadstead, had anticipated and gone beyond Lord Gambier's proposal, by adopting the original proposition of that excellent officer, Captain Keats, in 1807, viz :—"that an attack should be made on the ships in the road of the Isle of Aix by fire-ships, covered and protected by a squadron." They had in fact written a letter to Lord Gambier, which crossed his Lordship in the Channel, directing his consideration to the possibility of making an attack upon the enemy, either with or without fire-ships; informing him at the same time that fire-ships, and bombs, and Congreve and his rockets, were under orders and preparing to proceed to him as soon as possible. On the 3rd of April, *Captain* Lord Cochrane, of the *Impérieuse* frigate, of 38 guns, arrived in Basque Roads, sent out by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, for the purpose of commanding the attack upon the French fleet. Had Captain Keats, who originated the mode of attack, been sent out to partake in the honour (according to his seniority) of carrying it into operation, all had been well. But that an inferior officer should have been put over so many of his superiors in rank, and at least his equals in professional achieve-

ments, was an innovation that produced great prejudice to the public service. The prerogative vested in every Government and Commander-in-Chief, to select the most efficient individuals for particular services, is unquestionable and absolute ; but for the due exercise of that absolute but still *discretionary* power they are heavily responsible. Why, then, when such men as Harvey, Stopford, Neale, Malcolm, &c., were holding much higher appointments in the same fleet, (and volunteering to lead the fire-ships,) the captain of a frigate was put over their heads, it would be impossible to say ; but the result was discontent and insubordination, disgust and courts-martial, as well as the ruin of Admiral Harvey—as intrepid a seaman as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war.

Captain Eliab Harvey commanded the *Téméraire* at the battle of Trafalgar, and shone forth the most brilliant of all the stars that moved in the same sphere with himself upon that glorious occasion. What said Nelson of Collingwood at Trafalgar ? “ See how that noble fellow takes his ship into action ! ” And what did Collingwood, the successor of Nelson, say of Harvey, after the same battle ? “ He has taken so noble and distinguished a part in the action, *that nothing could be*

finer ; I have no words to express my admiration of it." In fact Harvey was exactly cut out for such a service as the attack at Basque Roads. But Harvey was neutralised to make room for the captain of a frigate, who, I must not forget to add, was at the same time *Member for Westminster*. I wonder what Arthur Wellesley would have said if the Horse Guards had dictated or attempted (for it would not have gone beyond that) to dictate to him whom he was to employ? Methinks such doings would have fomented a little military mutiny, as, in fact, the process before Basque Roads did a little naval one.

Notwithstanding the objections which, according to the rules of the service, existed to the captain of a frigate having the command "of the attack" upon an enemy's fleet, nobody could blame *him* for getting it if he could, much less for taking it if it was offered to him. But, as I began by stating, it is my object to show, in a fair unprejudiced manner, what share of merit belongs to all the parties respectively engaged.

The French fleet consisted of nine sail of the line besides one three-decker, the *Calcutta* of 50 guns, four frigates, and one large ship. They were also defended by their own cannon, in a strong

position, flanked by 13 guns on the Isle of Aix, and the mortars on the island.

The British force—of eleven sail of the line, nine frigates, one bomb, with fire-ships and small craft.

On the 11th, all the arrangements for the attack being completed, the frigates, bomb, and small vessels took up the positions respectively assigned to them, and waited till darkness should come upon the waters. Why, in the name of all things visible, this attack did not take place by daylight, except that fire-ships and fire-works look best at night, I am at a loss to conjecture. However, night was chosen, and, at about half past eight P.M. (the eve of Rodney's victory), all the fire-ships, 16 in number, cut or slipped their cables, and stood in with a favourable wind and flood-tide. Each ship bore a lieutenant and five men, including the Mediator, Captain Wolrige; and Captain Lord Cochrane was on board one of the largest of these machines, which contained 1500 barrels of gun-powder, started into casks, placed an-end, fastened to each other by cordage bound round them, and jammed together by wedges and wet sand; so that the whole formed a solid body capable of great resistance. Moreover, on the top of this mass of

powder lay from 300 to 400 live shells (that is, charged with fusées) and as many thousand hand-grenades.

It was soon found that a boom had been drawn across the front of the line by the enemy, which stopped the headmost ships ; but the Mediator, Captain Wolrige, bore down with her superior weight and a press of sail, carried away the boom, and cleared the passage for her followers. It is understood that Lord Cochrane hailed the Mediator to shorten sail, but was fortunately not heard or not heeded by Captain Wolrige ; for, had she not broken the boom by her weight and way, the whole expedition must have entirely failed. As it was, from the utter darkness of the night, and most of the fire-ships being ignited and abandoned too soon, and from the impossibility of co-operation, little good, or rather little mischief, was done by them. Indeed they all failed of their expected purpose, as far as grappling and blowing up the enemy was contemplated. But, if they were not blown up, they were abundantly frightened, cut their cables, and were driven on shore. From pitchy night, the heavens became, as if by sorcery, in a blaze ; the burning ships seemed to ride upon a sea of fire ; rockets and shells flew around, and

the retreating ships poured out their broadsides as they drifted on the shore. Still there were no immediate results ; all passed away, like some of those magnificent displays of artificial fire to be seen during the fêtes at Paris.

The Captain of the *Impérieuse* returned to the command of his frigate, while darkness spread over the waters again. But when morning dawned, and the rosy twilight of April broke upon the scene, most of the enemy's ships were discovered to be on shore ; and the *Impérieuse*, from the position she had taken up the preceding evening, when her intrepid Commander went on board the fire-ship, was the first to see their condition, and made the following signals to the Commander-in-Chief, who lay at anchor with his fleet in the offing :—At day-light, A.M. 5h. 48m., “ Half the fleet can destroy the enemy—seven on shore.” At 6h. 40m., “ Eleven on shore.” At 7h. 40m., “ Only two afloat.”

It must be observed, that, while the *Impérieuse* was making the *first* signal, she was compelled, in consequence of the falling tide, to weigh and stand out ; but at ten o'clock she returned to the same position.

The place where the enemy's ships lay was

compared, by an officer of the Marines who was present, and whose account was published in the Annual Register, "to their being aground in Portsmouth harbour, under cover of two batteries of three tier of guns, each of which contained twenty-nine pieces of cannon. The navigation was intricate and difficult, there being in some places only four fathoms water."

As soon as the tide served (which was about 11 o'clock) Lord Gambier weighed with his fleet, and stood in; but, being of opinion that, from the state of the wind and the shallowness of the water, it would be injudicious and too hazardous to proceed into Aix Roads, he anchored within three miles of the forts on the island.* "As the tide suited, the enemy evinced great activity in endeavouring to warp the ships which had grounded into deep water, and succeeded in getting all but five of the line towards the entrance of the Charente before it became practicable to attack them." With the least possible delay, however, the *Etna* bomb, carrying two mortars, the one for 13-inch shells, and the other for 10-inch, supported by the light squadron, and covered by the Valiant and Revenge of the line, was sent in to bombard the

* Public Despatch.

ships, and destroy the batteries on shore. As the Etna stood in to the attack, she passed Lord Cochrane in the *Impérieuse* as she lay at anchor. His Lordship hailed the mortar vessel, and said he should follow forthwith. The Etna took up her position, and the marine artillery, under Lieutenant Steele, opened their fire.

It should here be observed, *en passant*, that Lord Gambier, in his despatch, particularises Captain Godfrey of the Etna, but, as usual, not one word of the marine artillery, who exclusively fought her; for in fact the commander of the vessel, as compared with the commander of the artillery, *in a bomb*, stands in the relative position of the fly upon the coach-wheel, when he says to his companion in rotary motion, "What a devil of a dust you and I kick up!"

This discrepancy, however, did not strike the Commander-in-Chief, or prevent Captain Godfrey being promoted, although the commanding officer of the detachment of marine artillery got nothing. The same measure of justice was repeated a few weeks afterwards at the bombardment of Flushing, with another naval commander, but the same officer commanding the marine artillery. The commander was posted from the Etna, but the

artillery officer who directed her fire remained a lieutenant.

I am called upon, also, to mention a variance from the fact in Lord Gambier's despatch, which cannot be excused on the score of inadvertence. His Lordship, in his letter, implies, at least, that the *Impérieuse* was the first vessel that attacked the enemy's ships on shore; and he declares that the *Calcutta* struck to the *Impérieuse*. Now, as I have already stated, the *Etna* passed the *Impérieuse* at her anchors, and commenced action; *after which*, the *Impérieuse* went *within* the *Etna* and opened her broadside, because a position that might have been advantageous for the range of shells would be far without the reach of shot. But, as the *Calcutta* was subject to both shot and shells, it would be impossible to say exactly to which she struck—probably to both.

While the *Impérieuse* was thus engaged she made three signals that must have been wormwood to the Commander-in-Chief. 1. "The enemy superior to the ships engaged, but inferior to our fleet!" 2. The general signal "To close!" 3. "The *Impérieuse* in distress and in want of immediate assistance."

The *Revenge*, *Valiant*, frigates, and small ves-

sels, had joined the *Etna* and *Impérieuse* in their attack upon the batteries and ships on shore, and, after a heavy carronade of shot and shells, the *Warsaw*, *Aquillon*, and *Tonnerre*, followed the example of the *Calcutta*, and hauled down their colours. It was quite time they did so, for, the batteries having got the exact distance of our ships, every shot told, and the tide was falling ; so that, if a favourable breeze had not sprung up, and taken us out of fire and into deep water, the consequences might have been deplorable. However, as soon as we were safely anchored, our boats went to the ships that had struck, took out the prisoners and set the ships on fire.

While these operations were going on in the advanced squadron, Rear-Admiral Stopford was directed, with the *Cæsar* and *Theseus*, three fire-ships, and all the boats of the fleet, armed with Congreve's rockets, to attack the five French ships of the line that had got aground at the entrance of the Charente. But, the wind having changed, he returned on the morning of the 13th (both line-of-battle ships having been on shore) without having effected his object. Meanwhile, the *Warsaw* and *Aquillon* were set on fire, and the burning of these ships carried dismay amongst the

French, who mistook them for two fresh fire-ships *drifting towards them*, and they opened their broadsides upon them. Indeed, the captain and crew of the *Tourville*, of 80 guns, were seized with such panic, that they abandoned their ship and fled ; but, having recovered themselves, and seeing the *Tourville* still at her anchors, they mustered courage enough to return to her, after an absence of two hours. During this time, however, their ship very nearly became a prize to one of our row-boats, and was wonderfully preserved by the presence of mind of *one* man, who, when all hands were bolting in fright, crept back to the *Tourville*.

The following is his own curious account of the affair :—“ My name is Eugène Joseph Romain Bourgeois, and I am 31 years old. Being resolved to stick to my ship, I crawled out of the boat and got on board through one of the lower-deck ports. When all the boats were clear off I began making a raft in case the supposed fire-ship should grapple the *Tourville*, or the fire which had been set to her by our own men should take effect. I had just completed the raft when an enemy's boat approached ; I challenged the boat twice, and, having no answer, fired off the musket which the sentry

on the gangway had left behind. The boat returned the fire, when I ran into the Captain's cabin, and, seizing an armful of muskets from the rack, discharged at least twenty of them in quick succession. This had the desired effect—the ruse succeeded, and the boat pulled away. Soon after three of our boats arrived from on board the Ocean, and a young Midshipman took the command of the crews, now amounting to thirty men. We immediately took measures to defend the Tourville, and swore amongst ourselves to fight to the last.”

Notwithstanding that Sir R. Stopford and the force under his immediate direction returned, as already stated, early in the morning of the 13th, to the body of the fleet, the Etna bomb, the Impérieuse, Pallas, and gun-brigs, remained in advance ; but, there not being sufficient water for the frigates, the Etna and small craft only went in, and opened their fire on the Ocean, Regulus, and Indienne, as they lay aground. But, when the tide fell at 4 P.M., this gallant little squadron were obliged to work back to their former anchorage under a galling fire from the batteries.

During this day's work the Etna burst her 13-inch mortar.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the *Tourville* having thrown her stores and most of her guns overboard, *floats*, and entered the Charente; but soon after her pilot ran her on the opposite shore, off the town of Fouras, and close to the wreck of the *Meteor* fire-ship. At noon the *Aigle* was sent to replace the *Impérieuse*; Lord Cochrane having been chosen by the Commander-in-Chief to carry his despatches to England. At 4 P.M. the *Impérieuse* got under weigh, and proceeded to Basque Roads. Previously to this, the *Etna* and the brigs had again taken the tide at the flow, and gone in to renew the bombardment of the prostrate ships; and they only ceased firing when the *Etna* had expended her last 10-inch shell, her largest mortar having, as already stated, become useless.

Thus it is clear that the *Impérieuse* had *no share* whatever in the last two days' action. But let me not be for a moment mistaken.—I do not make this observation with any view to subtract from her Commander's fair share in the laurels for Basque Roads; but only as proving that he is not exclusively entitled to *all* that were earned at this memorable attack;—and I am urged to this apparently ungracious part, even by the mis-

conceptions and misrepresentations upon the subject which have existed from that, now distant, period up to the present time.

When the Captain of the *Impérieuse* went on board the *Caledonia* an explanation was demanded and given, through the Captain of the Fleet, of the extraordinary signals hoisted on board the *Impérieuse* on the morning of the 12th. It was stated that the signal to close was only meant for the small craft, and that that part of the third signal which declared the *Impérieuse* to be "in want of immediate assistance" was an inseparable contingent in the code of signals from her intimation that she was in distress. To this explanation was added a frank assurance that there was not the slightest intention of giving umbrage, or of reflecting in the most distant degree upon the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief. After all this, an interview took place between Lord Cochrane and the Admiral, who even then, half good-humouredly, half ironically, replied to sundry observations of the Captain of the *Impérieuse* by saying it would seem as if he wished to absorb all the merit in his own person. In spite, however, of these ominous indications, and which must have alarmed any man not conscious of having done his duty, Lord

Gambier closed his despatches, and consigned them to the keeping and carrying of *two* personages,—the Captain of the Fleet and the Captain of the *Impérieuse*.

When this amiable, brave, and humane Admiral pressed the hand of the Captain of the *Impérieuse* on his parting for England, how little could he have suspected he was sending forth one to bear witness against him ! But so it afterwards proved ; and, when the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mulgrave) intimated to Lord Cochrane that he meant to move the thanks of Parliament to Lord Gambier, the officers, seamen, marines, and marine artillery of his fleet, for their services in Basque Roads, his Lordship replied, that, “if he did, he should oppose the motion in the Commons, though he stood alone in the House.”

When this unexpected intelligence was brought by many-mouthed Rumour to the Commander-in-Chief, he called for an immediate investigation into the whole of his conduct ; and the Admiralty desired the Captain of the *Impérieuse* to frame his charges ; that is, to put his insinuations into a tangible shape. This, however, was evaded, upon which the Admiralty, by one of those anomalous proceedings so inimical to the spirit of

the constitution, made themselves the prosecutors, and subpœnaed Lord Cochrane to give evidence against his Admiral, whom he had declined directly to accuse. The result of this inquiry is well known ; the Captain of the *Impérieuse* was pronounced by the court-martial “to have calumniated his Commander-in-Chief; and that Commander-in-Chief was at the same time declared to be most honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him.”

There is a vulgar proverb that “One man can steal a horse while another cannot look over the gate.” How it happened that the Captain of the *Impérieuse* (who to be sure happened to be the son of a Scotch earl, and member for Westminster) escaped either a court-martial or being struck off the list, it would be puzzling to say. Instead, however, of either being the case, he was rewarded with what in those days was indeed a proud distinction—he was created a **KNIGHT** of the **BATH**.

As I am not writing the life of this, after all, fortunate seaman, I shall stop here. I regret the pertinacity with which he still refuses to do justice to others, who did their duty as well as he did at Basque Roads ; but I rejoice in his restoration to

the Navy, and have so high an opinion of his great professional powers, that, were I called upon to select from amongst the Admirals of her Majesty's fleet he that would be incomparable at need, I should point to the flag of Thomas Earl of Dundonald.

A pendant to the naval achievement at Basque Roads was soon after furnished by the glorious military triumph at Talavera.

On the 22nd of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon ; on the 28th he proceeded to Coimbra, and assumed the command, and then reviewed the army. From thence he marched rapidly on Oporto, where Soult, who had a keen recollection of the drubbing he had got from poor Moore at Corunna, did not wait his coming, but stole out by a stratagem, and got away.

Sir Arthur now directed his views to the south, whither Marshal Victor had proceeded by the banks of the Tagus, and subsequently united with General Sebastiani in the neighbourhood of Toledo, where they were presently joined by King Joseph and Marshal Jourdain, and 8000 men, composed of the Royal Guard and other troops, drawn from the garrison at Madrid.

As he approached this vicinity the British Ge-

neral put himself in communication with old Cuesta and his reassembled legions from the panic at Medellin. But some time was consumed before Sir Arthur could model Cuesta and his army into a useful co-operative body. Cuesta was himself a brave but obstinate old man, without the higher qualifications to constitute an able commander. But Wellesley's patience and tact brought things round, and on the 20th of July the two armies joined in co-operation.

On the 27th the position of Talavera de la Reyna was chosen and taken up, and in the evening of the same day the battle began. The Allied position presented a front of rather more than two miles ; the ground was open on the left, where the British army was stationed, and was commanded by a height, on which, in echelon, and in second line, a division of infantry under Major-General Hill was stationed. Beyond this height there was a valley, and beyond it again, upon the left, was a range of mountains, which, however, appeared to be too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The right of the position was composed entirely of Spanish troops, drawn up immediately in front of the town of Talavera, and extending down to the Tagus. This ground was

covered with olive-trees, and intersected with banks and ditches. The high road to Madrid, leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a battery in front of a church, and occupied by Spaniards. There was a commanding spot of ground in the centre, between the two armies, which was occupied by a division of infantry under Brigadier-General Alexander Campbell, who was supported in his rear by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons and some Spanish cavalry.

As early as two o'clock the enemy appeared in strength on the left bank of the Alberche, and manifested an intention to attack General Mackenzie's division of infantry, who, with a brigade of cavalry, occupied an advanced post. These troops were withdrawn in good order, but with some loss. They consisted of two brigades of infantry and a brigade of cavalry under General Anson, supported by General Payne, and four regiments of cavalry, in the plain between Talavera and the wood. The steadiness and discipline of the 45th regiment and the 5th battalion of the 60th were conspicuous; and "I had particular reason to be satisfied," says the Commander-in-Chief,

“ with the manner in which General Mackenzie withdrew his advanced guard.”

As the day advanced the enemy appeared in great numbers on the right of the Alberche, and it was obvious he was advancing to a general attack. General Mackenzie continued to fall back gradually upon the left of the position of the combined armies, and took his place in the second line in rear of the Guards ; Colonel Donkin's brigade being still further on the left, and in the rear of the German Legion.

At the gloaming, as the Scotch poetically call the evening twilight, the enemy commenced his attack by a cannonade on the left of our line, and made an attempt with his cavalry to overthrow the Spanish infantry posted on the right. But the Spaniards stood firm, and this attempt failed entirely. Early in the night he pushed a division along the valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which he gained a momentary possession ; but General Hill attacked it instantly with the bayonet, and regained it. This attack was repeated in the night, but failed ; and again at day-light on the morning of the 28th, by two divisions of infantry, and was repulsed by General

Hill. In the defence of this important post, the 29th regiment and the first battalion of the 48th particularly distinguished themselves, as well as the corps of Major-General Tilson and Brigadier-General Richard Stewart ; and here we lost many brave officers and soldiers ; amongst others, Brigade-Majors Fordyce and Gardner ; and Major-General Hill was wounded.

The defeat of these attacks was followed, about noon, by a general assault, with the enemy's whole force, upon the British army. In consequence of repeated attempts upon the heights on our left, by the valley, two brigades of our cavalry were posted in that valley, supported in the rear by the Duke of Albuquerque's division of Spanish horse. The enemy then placed light infantry in the range of mountains beyond the valley, which were opposed by a Spanish division of infantry under Lieutenant-General Bassecourt, an Iberian Daniel Lambert, but a good man and true.

The general attack began by the march of several columns of infantry into the valley, with a view to another attempt to carry the height occupied, and so admirably defended, by General Hill. These columns were immediately charged by the 1st German dragoons and 23rd dragoons, under

General Anson, directed by Lieutenant-General Payne, and supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy dragoons ; and, although the 23rd dragoons suffered considerable loss, the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan. At the same time the enemy directed an attack upon Brigadier-General Alexander Campbell's position, in the centre of the combined armies, and on the right of the British. This attack was most successfully repulsed by Brigadier-General Campbell, supported by a regiment of Spanish cavalry ; and the Brigadier-General took the enemy's cannon. General Campbell spoke highly of the conduct of the 97th, the 2nd battalion of the 7th, and of the 2nd battalion of the 53rd regiments ; and the manner in which this position was defended has also always been the subject of great applause. An attack was also made at the same time on Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's division, which was on the left and centre of the first line of the British army. This attack was most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets of the whole division ; but the brigade of Guards, which were on the right, having advanced too far, they were exposed on their left flank to the fire of the enemy's battery,

and of their retreating columns, and the division was consequently obliged to retire towards the original position, under cover of the 2nd line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, which the Commander-in-Chief had moved from the centre, and of the 1st battalion of the 48th regiment, which his providence had also moved from its original position on the heights, as soon as he saw the advance of the Guards. These troops were formed in the plain, and advanced upon the enemy, and covered the formation of General Sherbrooke's division.

Shortly after the repulse of this general attack, in which apparently all the enemy's troops were employed, he commenced his retreat across the Alberche, which was conducted in the most regular order, and was effected during the night, leaving in our hands twenty pieces of cannon, ammunition, tumbrils, and some prisoners.

The enemy's force consisted of the corps of Marshal Victor and General Sebastiani, and 7000 or 8000 men, composed of the Guards of King Joseph and the garrison of Madrid, commanded by the King in person, assisted by Marshals Jourdain and Victor, and General Sebastiani. Of these, whole brigades were destroyed, and the

battalions retreated in skeletons, with the loss at least of 10,000 men ; amongst whom were Generals Lapisse and Morlot killed, and Sebastiani and Boulet wounded.

Here was a pretty foretaste of what was afterwards to happen at Vittoria. Here was his Madrid Majesty in person, with Marshals Jourdain, Victor, and General Sebastiani, all beaten in a bouquet, their artillery abandoned and taken.

But, in achieving this signal victory, we sustained a heavy loss, amounting to at least 6000 men. For, although the enemy's attacks were principally directed against the British, almost all the Spanish army was or ought to have been engaged. But the truth is, they threw down their arms, and saved themselves by flight, when they were neither attacked nor menaced with attack, but were merely frightened at their own fires. Cuesta subsequently decimated the fugitives, who, in their flight, actually pillaged the baggage of the English army, at that instant of time in the heat of action for their cause !—So much for Spanish courage and honour !—at least on this occasion.

Amongst the valuable officers and men who gloriously fell in this long and hard-fought action,

Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, and Major Picket of the Guards, were particularly named.

Bear with me, gentle reader, while I indulge in a little *esprit de corps*, and exult in the recollection that General Mackenzie, who rose into glory from his death-bed on the field of Talavera (that field from whence sprung the immortal title of Wellington), not only began his military career in the Royal Marines, but was born and cradled in the corps.

Major-General John Ronald Mackenzie, whose conduct was so much admired, and who fell so gloriously in the battle of Talavera, was the representative of a very ancient family, whose patrimonial estate (Suddie) lies in that part of the county of Ross called the Black Isle. He fell in the 47th year of his age. He began his military career in the Marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General Mackenzie, of that distinguished corps; and for some time previous to 1794 he did the duty of Adjutant to the Chatham division. Upon the death of his uncle, by which he succeeded to some personal fortune, he relinquished the Marines, from a wish and natural ambition to get forward in his profession more rapidly than that service admits of. In the

spring of 1794 he became Major of the 2nd battalion of the 78th foot, raised by Lord Seaforth. Early in 1795 both battalions of the 78th were consolidated, by which means this gallant officer became attached to the 1st battalion, and, with the officers and men of the 2nd battalion, joined the 1st at the Cape, whence they proceeded 1200 strong to India. There the regiment served with distinction under Colonel Mackenzie Fraser. With this corps the gallant Major-General served many years in India, and latterly commanded the regiment. He returned to Europe in 1801-2, sincerely regretted by his regiment, and all who knew him. Promoted to the rank of Colonel soon after he came home, on the breaking out of the war, 1803, he was placed on the northern staff as a brigadier. He was afterwards made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and soon replaced on the northern staff as Major-General, from which situation he was removed, at his own request, in 1808, to the command of a brigade in Portugal. He was in Parliament,—first for the Sutherland districts, and latterly for the shire of Sutherland. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier, a mild and most friendly man. The service lost in him a most excellent officer, his friends

a most amiable and exemplary companion. The 78th adored him, and will long lament him; and so will his country, in whose service he gloriously died.

Most true is the saying that one example is worth a thousand precepts. It was Mackenzie's bright career that first gave me the idea of shaking off the yoke of a gradation corps. But then I hardly dared hope—I scarcely even dreamt—that I should eventually succeed, and, like him, become one in the Peninsular War, and that Knighthood from two Kings might grace my humble brow.

The battle of Talavera closed this short but dazzling campaign : for, although Sir Arthur Wellesley drove Soult before him at Oporto, and, as we have seen, beat Victor out of the field at Talavera, when they found means to unite their forces they were numerically too powerful for him ; more especially as he could put no dependence whatever on the Spanish Commander-in-Chief. He therefore retired, crossed the Tagus, and on the confines of Portugal constructed that monument of his genius, strategy, and skill, the Lines of Torres Vedras.

But every picture has a reverse—and the ill-fated, ill-conducted expedition to Antwerp, fur-

nished more than a set-off against the glories of Talavera. At the very moment of time when all was being won at Talavera, the expedition to Flushing, in which all was lost, sailed from the shores of England — 40,000 men, completely equipped, and a magnificent fleet of British men-of-war ! Had they been destined to the direction of Wellesley, and the reinforcement of his army, what a different fate would have been theirs ! Instead of dying of disease, they would have lived in glorious victory. The object of the expedition to Antwerp was perhaps wisely conceived ; it was intended to destroy the French fleet and arsenals of Antwerp and Flushing, to burn all the dock-yards for building on the coast, to render the Scheldt no longer navigable for ships of war, to seize and keep Flushing, to attract the eyes of France from Austria and the Peninsula, &c. But Lord Chatham, to whom the realization of these projects was committed, too well proved the truth of the proverb that “delays are dangerous,” to the cost of his country, and the utter failure of the whole expedition.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Vestal—Maiden Mission of Mr. Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay)—Pretensions of Attachés—Talleyrand—Lisbon—Marshal Beresford—The Marquesa—Sights—Cintra—Maffra—Leave the Tagus—Captures—A man overboard!—The Lieutenant and the Dog—The gallant Gordon of the Guards—Vestal paid off at Portsmouth—Captain Willis Johnson—Lord Exmouth—Lieutenant (now Captain) Wolrige.

EARLY in 1810 the Vestal was ordered to receive on board the British Envoy to the government of Portugal; and we carried Mr. Stuart on his maiden mission to Lisbon. Thus began my acquaintance with the present Lord Stuart de Rothesay: his coming on board was a kind of event in the frigate. A salute was fired, and I turned out my guard duly to receive his Majesty's Minister. With his Excellency came an attaché or two, and General Alexander Campbell (who did me the honour to approve what he was

pleased to call the admirable and soldier-like appearance of my little detachment of marines), and poor Busche, Aid-de-Camp to Marshal Beresford, subsequently colonel of a Portuguese regiment, at the head of which he fell in the battle of Barossa.

In those days, I was struck by the simplicity of the envoy, as it presented itself in broad contrast with the *pretension* of the attachés or suckling diplomatists about him ; and, although habit has since accustomed me to the airs of attachés, there is no reason to hope they have left them off. Go where you may,—to Lisbon, or Madrid, or Paris, or elsewhere,—your attaché is ever a sweet-scented, solemn, and sometimes a supercilious individual, fancying himself the shadow of a king, while he is, in fact, but the shadow of a shade. But Mr. Stuart was, and is, enough to redeem all the sins of a mission. Nobody talks of diplomatic conceits of any kind, without especially excepting Lord Stuart of Rothesay ; and, surely, if there ever was a person unchanged by success, or unspoiled by fortune, he is the man. Whether envoy or regent in Portugal, ambassador and grand cordon at Paris, or privy councillor and peer in England, Lord Stuart de Rothesay is steadfast and the same. Most nobly born, with great talents for

his inheritance,* Charles Stuart proved himself a match for Charles Maurice Talleyrand, or any of his successors; and, although that notorious personage changed his colours while living more frequently than the dolphin does while dying—although he was deist and democrat, revolutionist and atheist, republican and bishop, imperialist and royalist, slave to tyrants and sycophant to kings—the palpable personification of *all things to all people*—he could never get to windward of Charles Stuart, who, like Sir William Temple, obtained truth by telling the truth, and scorning a quibble; in short, who triumphantly practised the proverb that, “*honesty is the best policy*.” While the one was all art, the other was all nature; if the one, according to his own maxim, used speech to conceal his thoughts, the other exercised this great gift of Heaven to give utterance to what he felt and wished. Lord Stuart de Rothesay is, in fact, by common consent, one of the best ambassadors England has had in his generation.

As we sailed from England with a flowing

* He is grandson of the Marquis of Bute by a daughter of the Duke of Ancaster, and son of General Sir Charles Stuart, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; one of those men whom *opportunity* would have made immortal.

sheet, we expected a merry passage, especially as the fair wind had carried us across the bay ; but off Cape Finisterre it veered round and blew a gale. On our reaching the Tagus, we found it occupied by a British fleet, and the banner of blue floating over transports, traders, store-ships, and ships of all descriptions, while the town of Lisbon had become an English depôt. Before landing, the Envoy invited all the officers to come and see him on shore, and, when we went to pay our respects to his Excellency, we met British uniforms at every step. Marshal Beresford was there organising the Portuguese and preparing the Patriots ; and, on my asking what was the meaning of the chain of peasants, handcuffed together, whom I saw marching along the streets with a mounted dragoon at each end of the train, the reply was that they were "volunteers for the army."

At the residence assigned to the British Minister, one saw a specimen of the gloomy grandeur and dingy dignity of the palaces of the Portuguese nobility, and of the consequence assumed by the new-made Anglo-Portuguese Marshal, who, on entering the drawing-room of a Marquesa, handed his plumed hat and bâton to his aide-de-camp de service, Captain Sewell, to be laid on a sofa ; and,

on his Excellency's going away, had these things returned to him with the same etiquette.

It was impossible, by-the-by, not to be captivated by the Marquesa just alluded to, who looked like Beauty amongst the roses, so completely was she enshrined in those most becoming and fragrant flowers. She wore them on her head and in her bosom, and her canopy was strewed with them, and they told me her bed was filled with their leaves. And when she took her guitar and accompanied herself, as she sang of love, it was too much—I got up, and pretended to look into the streets, but I saw dimly.

The transition from the bleak spring winds of England to the sultry sun of Lisbon compels you to own his power, and you would fain seek shelter; but in the streets of Lisbon all is dazzle and glare, and your best refuge for shade is Cintra. We went, in our walk, to the Valley of Alcantara, to see the famous aqueduct, the principal arch of which crosses a rapid stream, measures 250 feet in height, and is the most stupendous work of the kind in Europe. The next day, I drove through several parts of the town, and, on turning the sharp angle of a street, came suddenly upon a religious procession. The postilion stopped suddenly, or, as

my messmate and companion called it, "brought up with a round turn;" jumped to the ground, fell on his knees, and began thumping his breast with as much zeal as he had just shown in whacking the ribs of the mules to get them along. On looking round we saw all hands had piped to prayers; every carriage, and every person, on horse and foot, was at a stand still; all down on their knees in the street, or kneeling in the carriages, crossing themselves, praying, and thumping away as if they were indeed sorely sorry and most miserable sinners.

By the time the mules had got into breath, and the penitent postilion out of breath, the saints and the Host were out of sight, and we proceeded to Belem and visited the castle and the church, which latter still remains, solemn and fantastic, like the interior of the Temple of Jerusalem.

To sail into the Tagus is to enjoy one of the richest views in the world. The hills seem covered with palaces; but the disappointment at landing increases at every step. You are obliged to climb along narrow streets; and the longer you are in Lisbon, the less you like it; growing every day more disgusted by the filth, and offended by the putrid smells from dunghills, ditches, and dead

dogs. Some one has said Paris is a compound of dorure and ordure ; but here it is all dirt and no gilt.

It was agreed that we should make an excursion to Cintra and Maffra ; so, early in the morning, we proceeded to Cintra, and bivouacked under the shade of myrtles to breakfast. The palace of Cintra has been compared to the Alhambra ; but, though very Moorish in its general style and architecture, and glorious from its site and prospect, it must not be compared to *the* Alhambra. Nothing, however, can be more beautiful than the view of the cliffs and the village of Cintra, from the Oriental windows of the château.

After mounting to the terrace and tower by a serpentine flight of steps, we were shown a curious chamber, the Mosaic pavement of which had been worn away by the steps and tears of Alphonso VI., who was kept a solitary captive within its narrow walls for many weary years.

From hence we proceeded about four leagues to the marble towers of Maffra. No language can do justice to this renowned monument of man's power : but, as it is more exquisitely and exactly treated by Mr. Beckford than by any of the many subsequent visitors who have seen it and written

on it, and as a good copy in writing, as in painting, is infinitely preferable to an indifferent original, I shall freely avail myself of his masterly description.

“After coasting the wall of the great garden, we turned suddenly the corner, and discovered one of the vast fronts of the Convent, appearing like a street of palaces : I was admiring their ample range as we drove rapidly along, when, upon wheeling round the lofty square pavilion which flanks the edifice, the grand façade, extending above eight hundred feet, opened to my view. The centre is formed by the porticoes of the church, richly adorned with columns, niches, and bas-reliefs of marble. On each side, two towers, somewhat resembling those of St. Paul’s, in London, rise to the height of near two hundred feet, and, joining on to the enormous *corps de logis*, the palace terminates to the right and left by its stately pavilions. These towers are light, airy, and clustered with pillars remarkably beautiful. The platform and flight of steps before the entrance of the church is strikingly grand, and the dome which lifts itself up so proudly above the pediment of the portico merits praise for its lightness and elegance.

“To screen ourselves from the sun, which

darted violently on our heads, we entered the church, passing through its magnificent portico, which reminded me not a little of the entrance of St. Peter's, and is crowded with statues of saints and martyrs, carved with infinite delicacy.

“The first *coup d'œil* of the church is very imposing: the high altar, adorned with two majestic columns of reddish variegated marble, each single block above thirty feet in height, immediately fixes the eye. Trevisani has painted the altar-piece in a masterly manner: it represents St. Anthony in the ecstasy of beholding the infant Jesus descending into his cell amidst an effulgence of glory.

“Never did I behold such an assemblage of beautiful marble as gleamed above, below, and around us; roses of white marble and wreaths of palm-trees, most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modelled, or executed with more precision and sharpness, than those of the columns which support the nave. We followed our conductor through a long covered gallery into the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, panelled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as the adjoining chapel, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed

several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendour—till we were fatigued and bewildered, like knights errant in an enchanted palace.

“The library is of prodigious length, not less than 300 feet, the arched roof beautifully stuccoed, and the pavement of red and white marble. We ascended a winding staircase, which led us upon the roof of the convent and palace, which form a broad smooth terrace, bounded by a magnificent balustrade, and commanding a bird's-eye view of the courts and garden.

“From this elevation the whole plan of the edifice may be comprehended at a glance: in the centre rises the dome, like a beautiful temple from the spacious walks of a royal garden; it is infinitely superior in point of design to the rest of the edifice, and may be reckoned among the highest and best-proportioned in Europe. A fresh balsamic air, wafted from the orchards of citron and orange, fanned me as I rested on the steps of the dome, and tempered the warmth of the glowing æther.”

It was late in the evening before we reached Lisbon on our return from this enchanting expedition; we therefore took a shore-boat, and rowed off to our ship, which was to sail at daybreak.

When the fair Vestal spread her wings, nothing could catch and nothing could escape her. Almost as soon as we set sail she darted at and captured a beautiful privateer, *L'Intrepide*, of 20 guns; and also the *Bellona* merchant-brig.

Before we reached the Channel one of those accidents occurred which, happen when they may, invariably electrify a ship's company. The night-watch was set, the breeze was blowing, and the frigate was flying through the water, when "A man overboard!" was cried from aloft, and instantly echoed in the ship below. Two-thirds of the crew were rocking in their canvass nests; but quick as lightning all hands were on deck; for one other alarm alone produces more positive consternation:—need I add, it is the withering cry of "The ship's on fire?"

To throw all aback, cut away the life-buoy, man and lower the quarter-boats, was the work of a moment. But what splash is that? It is the intrepid lieutenant of the watch, who, following the warm impulse of his manly heart, had rushed into his "native" sea (for he was born and nurtured on her swelling bosom) to save his sinking shipmate.

But where, meanwhile, was "*Alpine Corvo*,"

the Captain's dog, the pet between decks?—he that broke biscuit at every mess? Far into the ship's wake had sprung the noble brute!

All was silent and dark, as if death was nigh, save the fresh wind howling through the shrouds, or the faint light gleaming from the boats. At intervals you might hear the murmur of voices, calling to the drowning man, or encouraging the dog. Then a burst of joy—for “Corvo has got him!” The white star on his broad black forehead appeared under the cutter's bow, while in his mouth he bore the body of the apparently dead sailor. Our generous messmate, Tim Scriven, swam till he was exhausted in fruitless search, and was at last picked up, and all got safely on board.

We brought home with us the gallant Gordon, of the Guards, brother to Lord Aberdeen, who, having served in all the battles of the Peninsula, on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, was killed in the arms of victory, at Waterloo; and Captain, now Colonel Freemantle, of the Guards, also Aide-de-camp to the Duke.

Soon after our arrival at Portsmouth an order came down from the Admiralty to pay off the *Vestal*; so those who had been so happy together were separated, many never to meet again.

Amongst those with whom I have since had the happiness to renew my old acquaintance is the present Captain Willis Johnson, who, as a seaman, a poet, and a painter, possesses high character, raciness, and talent. From the Vestal, Johnson joined Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, and served with that great sailor during the remainder of his career. He was his Lordship's flag-lieutenant when Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, and received his Commander's commission when his illustrious patron finally hauled down his flag.

The mention of Lord Exmouth's name leads me to observe that Sir John Barrow, in his recent life of Lord Howe, has (though contrary to the proverb) made a by no means odious comparison between Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson. So far, so good ; but why are they to stand alone on the page of history ? why are we not to look upon their like again ? Have they not left any of their breed behind ?—With Rodney immediately before, and Exmouth cotemporary and after them, how can it be pretended that they stand alone ?—or where is the memory of Collingwood ?—Have we not Dundonald ? And are we not within a few years of Howe ?—Why should the

talented but cruel commander, St. Vincent, whose nostrum for the lieutenants of His Majesty's Fleet was, "Keep them poor, and they'll serve;" and who, having in the Foudroyant of 80 guns taken the Pégase of 74 in sight of our fleet, was made a Knight of the Bath for this small service, and elevated to an earldom for one victory;—why should he, I say, be hoisted over the head of Pellew, who as a practical seaman was immeasurably his superior? Indeed, as a *thorough sailor* Exmouth *had no equal*. As a seaman he bore the palm from all three; while in gallantry, talent, enthusiasm, and devotion to the public service, he might have been rivalled, but he was never surpassed. Look what complete order his Mediterranean fleet was in! As Wellington said of his army, it was "the most perfect machine of its kind" the world ever saw. Then the great diplomatic address and tact he displayed at the restoration of the Courts of Naples and Sardinia; and, to crown all, the consummate skill and intrepidity of his last achievement,—the positive seamanship of his bringing his fleet to anchor in Algiers, within fifty yards of the mole, bristling with cannon, so close in, that his flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte, had only two feet water under

her bottom!—Then the coolness and humanity of the Christian hero, as, standing on a gun, he waved to the unbelieving multitude on shore to stand clear before he gave the word *to fire*—the first broadside of which fire swept away five hundred souls.

In putting forward the claims of this illustrious Admiral to a high place, as high a place as any in Westminster Abbey, I need not (with this record on his tomb*) do more than allude to the rescue of the troops on board the Dutton, or give a long account of a victory, the glorious results of which were announced to the fleet in so terrible a storm of thunder and lightning (which immediately followed the battle), that it would seem as if the declaration, “That Christian slavery was abolished for ever!” was confirmed by the voice and fire of Heaven; and that Providence had chosen the British fleet to enforce this merciful dispensation before the world.

I cannot, however, consistently with that principle of justice which sways all I have to say in these pages, even allude to the battle of Algiers

* During his naval career he saved hundreds from shipwreck, and terminated it by rescuing the Christian world from slavery for ever.

without seizing the occasion to correct that part of Lord Exmouth's official report which describes the burning of the Algerine frigate, which was moored across the mole, about 100 yards from his Lordship's own ship, the *Queen Charlotte* : we have all our foible, and the brave Admiral had his. He was not absolutely free from the petty fault, called tuft-hunting ; and was naturally tainted with that sort of elementary jealousy of the marines which has ever been exhibited in the treatment of their services by the navy. For instance, Lord Exmouth writes—" There were awful moments during the conflict, which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasioned by firing the ships so near us ; and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt on the outer frigate, distant about 100 yards, which I at length gave into ; and Major Gosset (of the Engineers) by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze."

So much for the Admiral's statement ! *Now for the facts* :—Lieutenant Wolrige, of the Royal

Marine Artillery, went up to Lord Exmouth at a moment when there was nobody near him, and proposed to be allowed to go and burn the frigate ; to which his Lordship immediately acceded, and desired him to go and do it. Wolrige directly took some *marine artillerymen*, went below to get some carcasses (previously prepared by him) and other combustibles, to execute the service ; and, as such things are kept for security in the lowest regions of a ship, in a three-decker, in a severe action, it required a little time and great exertion to get at them, as well as to get a boat manned. On Wolrige coming on deck, the First Lieutenant (Richards), seeing his preparations, asked him “ if he was going to burn the frigate ? ”—to which he replied, “ Yes, and I am sure I shall succeed.” The First Lieutenant accompanied him ; and on his, Wolrige’s, stepping into the barge, he was followed by Major Gosset. They boarded the frigate ; Lieutenant Wolrige and his marine artillerymen went below, placed his combustibles, and, as Lord Exmouth says, “ in ten minutes she was in a blaze.”

Now, to whom is the merit of all this due ? clearly to Lieutenant Wolrige, of the Marine Artillery ; yet that officer’s name does not appear

in the despatch ! Lord Exmouth could not bear to acknowledge in a *public* letter what he owed to a lieutenant of marine artillery. Besides which, perhaps, he wanted to serve a connexion who had *borough interest*. To be sure, his Lordship does not say Gosset proposed to fire the frigate, but he leaves it so that people may suppose he did.

Lieutenant, now Captain, Wolrige, was very naturally offended by this unfair treatment from the Commander-in-Chief, and was only deterred from public remonstrance by the interference of mutual friends. He however declined the honour of dining with him at an anniversary dinner given when his flag was up at Plymouth, in commemoration of Algiers.

God knows, I do not make this statement to detract from the memory of Lord Exmouth, but to do tardy justice to Captain Wolrige and the marine artillery ; and, if the statement is not exact, Captain (now Colonel) Gosset and Lieutenant (now Captain) Richards are both alive, and can gain-say it.

CHAPTER IX.

Island of Anholt—Lords of the Admiralty—Sir Joseph Yorke—The Island of Anholt converted into a 50-gun ship of war—Captain Nicolls—"Upright, downright, and never right"—Mrs. Wilkins's Visit to Anholt—Subjects of Conversation in 1810.

To return to my narrative. In May, 1810, I marched my detachment of marines to head-quarters, and they were mingled with the division; and in July following I proceeded to the Island of Anholt.

A great deal has been written and said at different times about the appointment of sea-officers to be Lords of the Admiralty; Sir John Barrow, no inexperienced judge,—having been for between thirty and forty years the working Secretary to the Board—a kind of axis upon which the wheel has turned, gives very good reasons why the *First Lord* should not be a sailor; and Lord Chatham seems to have thought that an automaton

would answer the purpose; for, when he (then Mr. Pitt) took the helm, he insisted upon the First Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson (not to mention his junior Lords) was obliged to sign the orders issued by Mr. Pitt, *while the writing was covered from their eyes!*

Somebody has said the Admiralty is a nursery for statesmen, and a lieutenant of dragoons, having been appointed a junior lord, was called the horse marine. But surely such a nursery is more likely to force a fool than form a politician. In the first place, the nomination of the young naval lords is never made from any particular aptness for business or shrewdness in affairs, but simply as they may happen to be connected. Thus, when Mr. Charles Yorke became First Lord of the Admiralty, he appointed his brother Joseph, of the navy, to the Board, who, in his turn, appointed himself to the Bath, contrary to the statutes of the order. When old Lord Keith was told that his friend Sir Joseph was appointed to be a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, he drily observed, in his Scotch accent, "They might just as well have put Grimaldi there."

But, joking apart, there does not seem to be any good accruing to the service from having naval scions placed at the Admiralty. In the first place, all their chums and cousins, unto the third and fourth generation, must be provided for ; and, among the Scotch, how innumerable are those who can call cousin ! It follows that their prejudices, jealousies, and dislikes, contracted in the service, are to be gratified by the exclusion of particular persons from active employment. Moreover, it gives such tempting opportunities for these gentlemen to notice themselves, and put badges, ribbons, and stars upon their own coats, instead of upon those who have real claims to them, as in the instance already quoted, and, in later days, that of T. T. to be C.B., &c. &c. &c.

Sir Joseph Yorke had not been long at the Admiralty before he began his performances, as Lord Keith seems to have expected. He persuaded his brother and the Board to promulgate a kind of ukase, changing the island of Anholt into a 50-gun ship of war ! The first impulse, on hearing of such a procedure, is to smile. But, when one considers the consequences of so unconstitutional an experiment—when one reflects that, by this order, the Marine Military Bill,

or Act of Parliament for the better government of the marine forces while on shore, is set aside, and the naval Articles of War unlawfully set up in its stead—one wonders how Mr. Yorke, and those acting under him, escaped the Court of King's Bench. We shall, by-and-by, come to some of the fruits of this left-handed arrangement, by which a sea-captain was appointed to provost marine soldiers on shore.

In the month of May, 1809, Captain Nicolls, of the marines, was landed, with a detachment of his corps, to reduce the Danish island of Anholt, situated, lat. $11^{\circ} 55'$ east, long. $56^{\circ} 38'$, north, in the Cattegat. The object in taking this otherwise insignificant spot of sand was to have possession of the light-house, so absolutely essential an object to our ships passing to the Baltic Sea. After some resistance the place surrendered at discretion, and was taken possession of. Admiral Sir James Saumarez, the naval Commander-in-Chief in the Baltic, gave Captain Nicolls charge of the place his gallantry had won, and, by drafts of marines from the fleet under his command, supplied him with sufficient strength to insure its safe keeping. And surely he acted advisedly in so doing. Everybody knew the high reputation of Captain Nicolls,

whose feats of extraordinary enterprise and gallantry in the Mediterranean had procured him the surname of *Fighting Nicolls*—besides which, the only individuals killed or wounded in the capture were marines ; and Sir James Saumarez thought that what marines had won they might wear ; or, more properly speaking, that what the marines had conquered by their gallantry, they were entitled to hold and defend. Not so, however, Sir Joseph, who, when, he came to be nursed at the Admiralty, had some of the usual predilections to gratify ; or rather he wished to do something out of the common ; and so the island of Anholt was suddenly metamorphosed into a 50-gun ship, and a captain appointed to her, with a military “crew,” consisting of a battalion of Royal Marines, with a mounted staff, and a brigade of marine artillery, the latter consisting of four field-pieces, which, with the vidette service, &c., required an establishment of 40 horses. To complete the naval fiction of the ship Anholt, Lieut. H. L. Baker was appointed to her. He was, however, usefully employed against the enemy’s cruisers, on board the schooner attached to the island ; and, having assisted in his little vessel at the defence, carried home the despatch, was promoted to the rank of com-

mander, and acquired post rank and the Companionship of the Bath, at the close of the war ; and I believe no better fellow or better officer breathes than our comrade at Anholt, and our esteemed friend all over the world, the present Sir Henry Loraine Baker, Bart.

The Commandant of this battalion was the present Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, and the Commanding officer of the brigade of guns, Captain R. C. Steele, K. S. F., of the Royal Marine Artillery. It was fortunate that two such men happened to succeed the present Col. Nicolls and Captain Perceval (now of the Guards) in their respective commands ; for the notion of a ship was by no means palatable to our purely military garrison. When we paid our respects to Sir James Saumarez, the naval Commander-in-Chief, ere we landed, he shrugged his shoulders at the new turn things had taken on the island ; but he received us with his usual dignity, and treated us with the good breeding of a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. Captain Hope, the Admiral's right-hand man, and Captain of the fleet, and Captain P. Dumaresq, of the flag-ship, said little, but seemed to think a great deal upon the subject.

The mention of these three persons puts me

in mind of a clever sketch, or caricature, by a reefer of the starboard berth (which I saw at the time), representing this nautical trinity, on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, just on that spot which is marked by a diamond cross, where the immortal Nelson received his death-wound. There, in full uniform, stood Saumarez, Hope, and Dumaresq; *Sir James*, in his star and ribbon, than whom a more stately person never moved; — *George Hope*, the most honest and blunt of seamen; and little, troublesome, but not mischievous *Phil. Dumaresq*. The likenesses were irresistible, and on the superscription they were called

“ *Upright*,” “ *Downright*,” and “ *Never-right*.”

On our taking our respective posts on the island, we found some works commenced for the protection of it, which we carried on as far as our means would allow. The light-house, which we considered our citadel, was defended by an octagon battery; the men's huts, including the officers' mess-room and quarters, were surrounded by pallisades; and the approach to our redoubt was strengthened by the Massareene battery of eight 18-pounders, placed on a platform, raised on bags of sand.

While our fleet remained in the Baltic, and the

fine weather and the claret lasted, and the works and drills were going on, our time passed pleasantly enough. But as ship after ship went homeward bound, or paused here for an hour, to take in water and take leave, time moved heavily and our spirits flagged. But, just before winter set in, the Golden Grove, store-ship, arrived with ordnance and other supplies ; and, in the Grove, there nestled one of the prettiest women I almost ever saw. We presently agreed to ask the Captain and his sweet spouse to dine at the mess, and a formal invitation was accordingly sent and accepted. The next day, at the witching time of wine, our glasses were levelled on the Golden Grove, so anxious were we to see the bird come from its cage. The boat was hauled up, and the Captain, as spruce as Will Honeycomb himself, stepped into her, shoved off, and pulled for the shore.

“ Well,” said O’Hanlon, who was always, in one way or other, quoting or alluding to the “ immortal Bill,” as he called Shakespeare ; “ well—there is that fellow, who was but yesterday as black as Othello, coming without the divine Desdemona.”

“ But *he shan’t feed*,” said I.

“ Why, what can you do ?” said joking Jellicoe, the very heart of good humour, and who was always for fun.

“ Let us go down to the boat and meet him,” said I; and away several of us went to the south shore. The bow-oar was laid in, the boat beached, and the gang-board passed along.

“ Pray, Captain, where is Mrs. Wilkins?” we all inquired as he stepped on shore.

“ I am very sorry, gentlemen, and she is more than sorry, for she is not very well, and so (for the honest fellow did not like a fib), and so *she is not come.*”

“ And you, my dear fellow,” replied I, becoming the spokesman of the party, “*you* to think of leaving her when she is ill! No, no; we should be delighted with *your* company under any other circumstances, but to countenance your leaving her sick, sorry, and alone—no, never: go on board and come to-morrow if she is better, or the day after, or whenever she is well.”

“ Yes,” all exclaimed, “to-morrow, Captain; to-morrow your wife will be well—come both to-morrow.”

And so we jostled him into the boat, and away went the dinnerless skipper.

The next day, at the same hour, we having sent to inquire about the lady's health, and been assured she would certainly come, greater preparations

were made, and the bulk of the last hogshead of claret was broken. As the boat was hauled alongside, the crimson-lined cloak was spread in the stern-sheets, and presently a creature as light as a fawn sprang into her. Then slowly, and, as it seemed, rather reluctantly, came the Captain. On her landing many arms were offered ; but the belle was carried by the staff-strap and waist-belt, and led in triumph across the sands.

Our drums beat the "Roast-beef of Old England," and the band played "Blue Bonnets over the Border," as we ushered Mrs. Wilkins into our mess-room. There on the right of the president she sat, between two rows of military, like a white lily in a carnation-bed. What emotion and strife to please did not this pretty creature excite in our hearts? A bursting cherry amongst the birds—the first May-fly amidst the fishes! How her bright eyes sparkled, brighter and more exciting than the sparkling partridge-eyed champagne, with which we bathed our glasses to the brim, as we all joined Dick Turnbull's song—

"Then, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee ;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me."

After dinner we got up a dance, sent to the *West End* for some Danish damsels, daughters of the fishermen of the island, who came hoydening down in their stiff stomachers, short thick petticoats, blue stockings, and wooden shoes; their figures resembling the Dutch dogger, and the more crummy ones among them approaching to the porpoise, with legs like battering-rams, and palms as impracticable as the dried skin of the seal.

At 11 P.M. we manned our boat, and, with the key-bugle sounding on its bow, restored the mermaid and her flattered but somewhat uneasy husband to the Golden Grove.

We had nothing now to amuse us; for the birds had migrated, and left us with the sea, frozen round a great part of the island; and, in our despairing dulness, we wished that the frost would go and the enemy come. Before the arctic expeditions, under Parry and Ross, (both of whose acquaintance, by the way, I had the honour to make about this time,) the very solitude and desolation in which we were left would have excited sympathy and made a story; but, compared with *their* dreary banishment, our temporary deprivation seems but a one night's dream. Besides, the store-ship had left us journals and letters to a late date; and,

before the ice begirt us, our schooner had arrived from Gottenburg with the last news. By these, and by other expedients, we contrived to kill time, to get rid of those precious moments which, in our youth, we know so little how to value. We used to talk over the leading events of the epoch, the wretched expedition to Walcheren, and its consequences upon the health of so many of our men, who carried not only away with them, but to the grave with them, the Walcheren fever, with its ague and shivering fits; and those who did recover showed, by their early grey hair, what a shock their constitution had received. But to set against this we took the glories of Busaco, fought on the 27th of September, 1810, where the French, having 90,000 men under Masséna, lost 50,000, and left his wounded, who were seized and would have been massacred by the Spaniards, had they not been saved by the interposition of our German Legion. This was followed on the 14th of November by Masséna's retreat during the night, when Portugal was delivered. Another of the topics of this period was the famous feats of Sir Francis Burdett and his friend Gale Jones. Then the abortive proceedings of the Spanish Cortes, where you had words without works, eloquence

without matter, and much ado about nothing, and, what was worse still, nothing done.

Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation, which have since triumphed over all their opponents, were then hardly listened to, but rejected with disdain by great and overwhelming majorities.

Then came the good, the great, the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, with his ameliorations of the criminal law. *Mysterious Heaven!* that such a man should sever himself from this earth, where he laboured so profitably for the benefit and improvement of his country and the people!

All these things passed under our review, as we were frozen in upon the sand-bank in the Cattegat.

It was in this season too that the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, and of whom we shall have a great deal to say by and by, first gave promise of those great natural and acquired talents which have since distinguished him above all the monarchs of the earth. I have been near him at every review, and on many occasions; from the programme of the Hôtel de Ville, and the giving the colours to the National Guard on the Champ de Mars, to the affair of Fieschi, and so on to the present hour; and I will, when the course of my story brings me to the proper point,

give a true picture of this Napoleon de la Paix. Meanwhile, I must just observe that he was by no means duly appreciated, or fairly or judiciously treated, by the Cortes, in 1810, when they, from suspicion or jealousy of qualities, rare indeed, if not extinct amongst themselves, refused to ratify his nomination of the Regency to the command of the Spanish armies.

The year 1810 also witnessed the marriage of Napoleon with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg. He is said afterwards to have declared that he made a great mistake in not marrying a Russian Princess. But, it would seem, the mistake he really made was, to repudiate or divorce himself from his devoted Josephine, whose letter to him, when dying, is one of the most beautiful and affecting productions I ever read. All its touching truth recurred to my mind, when I visited her white marble tomb, many years after, at the village church of Ruel, between St. Germain and Paris. It was one of the first great political as well as moral errors of his career, and palsied his hand ; for, while he gathered within his mighty grasp “ the scattered fragments of the empire of Charlemagne,” he insensibly relaxed his hold, and they fell apart, were beaten to atoms, and are now crumbled into dust !

But *nearer to ourselves*, was the dethronement and arrival in England of the King of Sweden ; the nomination of the French General Bernadotte to succeed to the throne ; and the declaration of war by Sweden against England.

This year also closed the political life of George III. His Majesty being pronounced to be unable to transact public business, the House of Commons passed the Regency Bill, which on the 20th of December was acceded to by the other branch of the Legislature.

CHAPTER X.

Severity of the weather at Anholt—Landing of the enemy—
Their attack—Their surrender—Killed and wounded—
Marines still neglected by the Lords of the Admiralty—
Friendly solace—The Tartar frigate and the Sheldrake—Cor-
poral Punishment in the moment of victory—Velasquez's
picture of the Flayed Martyr—Flogging and mutiny on
board the Edgar.

THE new year of 1811 dawned brightly upon us, and we danced it in. On the 10th of January, while our schooner was frozen up on the south side of the island, an enemy's vessel anchored within a few miles of her. In the course of a few days the ice disappeared, the schooner went on a cruise and returned with three prizes, which we unloaded with much glee, and counted our gains.

Then came a heavy fall of snow, and the cold returned more intense than ever. But it is astonishing with how very little real inconvenience one bears intense cold, though the thermometer be

many degrees below zero, if one is well clad, and *there is little or no wind*. I have seen a tear crystallize on the eye-lash, and yet there was no suffering from cold. Not so if you let sleep surprise you. The sleep of cold is the sleep of death, and snow, the winding-sheet from which you never rise. One morning, as I went my rounds, I found one of our poor fellows a corpse in the snow, with his musket beside him.

On the 7th of February all our torpor was shaken off—all our energies called into play. A vessel arrived from Sweden, and brought us intelligence of a projected armament of 12,000 men against the island. The nights were anxious, long, dreary, dark, and cold ; but we had videttes riding and picquets patrolling at all hours, from the moment darkness came on till day-light dawned. We slept but little, and I was at all calls, instructed every vidette, inspected every picquet, was the depository of every order, and the receiver of all reports. A return of severe frost, or, now and then, milder weather, made our anxiety or repose depend upon the vicissitude of climate ; and we were therefore glad when, on the 27th of February, such a thaw came on the wings of a westerly wind as seemed to drive back the

frost for the year, and shut him up beyond the Pole.

As the days crept on and the weather gradually ameliorated, our expectation of attack increased, and guns were heard in the distance ; but they came from the friendly schooner, who soon hove in sight with another prize.

On the 14th of March, Mr. Leth, a merchant, arrived from Gottenburg, and brought us letters and certain intelligence that we were to be attacked. As we had many Paddies in our battalion, and they are rare fellows for a spree, we thought the enemy might fancy the 17th of March for a descent upon us, thinking to take us in our cups and by surprise. But, when the suspicion was announced to our brave fellows, they took the hint, and "every mother's son of them," as O'Hanlon declared, *was sober* at the evening parade of St. Patrick's Day.

It was just dusk on the 26th when a frigate and a brig came to anchor some miles from the north beach, and, by the numbers shown, we found they were the Tartar and the Sheldrake. "Well," we all said, "the Danes have lost their chance for this year at least, and to-night we may sleep snug in our beds." However, as a matter perhaps of

habit, perhaps of precaution, added to the lateness of the hour, the usual patrols were inspected and sent out, and the videttes went their customary rounds. On my part, having set all the wheels in motion, for the first time since the intelligence of a projected attack, I entirely undressed myself, and soon sunk on my pillow to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning, the serjeant-major, Darby, one of the most valuable non-commissioned officers I have ever met, knocked smartly at the door—I was wide awake in a moment. “Who’s there? come in!” The door opened and was shut with precisely two motions, while with two corresponding motions the Serjeant-Major stepped within the room and brought his left hand to his cap. He had to inform me that the vidette on the south beach had fired an alarm, and that one of the patrols had repeated the signal. “The time is past for their false alarms,” said I peevishly; “is there not a frigate and a brig at anchor in the offing?” A soldier never replies except to a direct question; so the Serjeant-Major retired, and I composed myself down, but not to sleep—for in a few minutes Darby returned to say “The picquets were retiring and firing.”—“A repeated firing?” The distant sound of a musket was my instant

answer. “ *Then, beat to arms !* ” said I, bounding from my lair, and I was booted and mounted in half the time I have taken to tell the story. I darted like an Arab across the sand, in the direction of the picquet, encountered a vidette,—was challenged—gave the countersign—and found the enemy had positively landed ! As I returned to the redoubt, there was Torrens on the Massacreene Battery—all the guns manned—the battalion formed in the square—and the field-pieces horsed and ready to move.

Of all the effects I have ever heard ascribed to *alarm*, surely none the least resembled those produced at Anholt. Joy, unbounded joy, pervaded every heart, and cheer followed cheer as the videttes rode in, describing, after their estimate, the numerical strength of the foe.

As morning broke, we first saw, from the octagon battery round the light-house, the enemy’s flotilla on the southern side, at a distance of between three and four miles. They were hauled up ; a little wood of transports, flanked by eighteen heavy gun-boats, with two twenty-four or eighteen-pounders in each. The whole British force consisted in a battalion of 350 marines and thirty-one marine artillery-men ; all the sailors attached to

the isle, amounting to only from fifteen to twenty, were on board the schooner and at sea.

It was determined to make a strong reconnaissance, and to ascertain as accurately as possible the real amount of the attacking forces, such various estimates of which had been made by the videttes and out-picquet. Two companies were therefore marched out to cover the four howitzers, which took the field, and we advanced to a ridge of sand-hills on the south side, upon the highest point of which we had placed on a platform (which enfiladed the south beach) one gun. At the foot of this ridge the howitzers were halted, while the Adjutant proceeded to the platform to reconnoitre. Being on horseback, he was there before the escort, and on looking down, saw a heavy column of troops, marching in silent and compact order, immediately below, supported at no great distance by another column of yet superior force. It struck him that if the leading column wheeled into line, it would considerably outflank our guns and the 200 men drawn up to support them on both flanks. He made his report accordingly, and the guns were limbered up, and our troops returned to the redoubt. As we retired across the plain from the range of sand-hills, the Danes having wheeled into

line, and got upon them, opened their fire and cheered, as we quietly entered the redoubt. They at the same time threw their column of reserve across the island, advanced along the north beach, and menaced us with an overwhelming attack, while all their flotilla opened their fire and supported them. A heavy fire from the guns of the south-west angle of the Massareene Battery, however, soon checked the attack from the south, drove them over the sand-hills for shelter, and blew them out of the one-gun battery which they tried to turn against us, and on which they had hoisted their colours. They now occupied two large houses on the south beach ; but on these the octagon guns were brought to bear, and they were forced to abandon them.

The column of attack on the north side met a similar fate ; for although the hillocks of sand, breaks and inequality of ground, afforded them protection in their approaches, and were equal to entrenchments, the marine artillery (and there was one stationed at each gun the moment the field-pieces returned to the redoubt) pointed so exactly at the interstices through which the enemy endeavoured to rush into our works, that no forlorn hope could go to more certain death ; for while

they rallied behind these natural approaches, our men waited before them, with the match lit and the muzzle of their gun levelled at the breaks through which they so bravely tried to come at us. The column on the south side brought up a field-piece, and made repeated efforts, which were as repeatedly frustrated by our destructive fire.

A signal had been made, as soon as the flags could be distinguished, to the Tartar and Sheldrake, that the enemy's flotilla were on the southern side of the island, and firing on us at point blank. They immediately weighed, the Tartar running to leeward round the shoal of the Knob, and presenting her broadside to the gun-boats, while the Sheldrake remained on the north side ready to cut off their retreat.

The bringing up of the field-piece on the south seemed to be a signal for another general struggle. The advance upon the north side, under Captain Reytz, were within pistol-shot, when Melstedt commanded and led a general assault. I shall never forget this moment. Our guns and musketry absolutely mowed them down. Melstedt, the commander-in-chief, fell by a musket-ball, and the next in command, poor Reytz, had both his legs shot away by a cannon-ball; and another cannon-

shot at the same time killed the brave Holstein, who commanded the southern column of attack. The destructive fire of our batteries had already strewed the plain with killed and wounded, and their chief officers had fallen, when Lieutenant Baker, in the schooner, with some men of the light company, under Lieutenant Turnbull, who had been on a cutting-out expedition, anchored on the northern shore on the flank of the besiegers ; while Captain Holtaway, who commanded at the town at the west end of the island, finding his retreat cut off from the garrison, launched the Danes' fishing-boats, came firing along the north shore, and landed under the guns of the octagon battery, amidst our hearty cheers.

In this extremity, the assailants on the north side hung out a flag of truce, and the adjutant, accompanied by a serjeant of marine artillery, who spoke the language, went to meet it. They asked "If we would surrender?" which he treated as a piece of insolence, and turned round to walk off. On this, an exceedingly fine young man caught him by the arm, and, holding up a white handkerchief, said, "Will you allow us to lay down our arms, and leave the island?"

"Certainly not."

“ Then, what terms will you grant ?”

“ None but *unconditional surrender*.”

Upon which the three senior officers took off their swords and handed them to him, and asked, “ If a vessel, with letters, might be sent to Jutland ?”

“ Yes—unsealed letters ;” and, as he was leading them prisoners to the garrison, he met the Captain of His Majesty’s ship Anholt, who, on being told what had transpired, threw his gold-laced hat into the air, and jumped for joy.

During these proceedings the Tartar had made her appearance to the flotilla on the south side, which instantly got under weigh and ran to the westward. This obliged the column of attack on this side also to hold out a flag of truce. The Adjutant went as before to meet it ; and, on his informing them of the fall of Melstedt and Reytz, and pledging his honour that no terms whatever had been accorded to the northern column of attack, this party also laid down their arms ;—making, with those who were by this time in our power, 680 prisoners—more than double the force with which we commenced the action.

The enemy landed about 2000 men, and lost

200 in killed and wounded. When all those who had surrendered were secured in the stables, a gun was pointed at the door, and a sentinel placed with a slow match, with which he was directed to fire instantly if they attempted to break out. We then took the field with the howitzers, to harass the remaining thousand, who were embarking at the west end. Their force, however, was still so formidable, our success so complete, our responsibility in the garrison so great, and our means so comparatively small, that we first halted, and then reluctantly retired within our lines, having sustained in this memorable defence only a loss of two killed and thirty wounded, including in the latter our gallant and beloved commandant, Colonel Torrens.

The following is a copy of the Danish surrender from the original, still in my possession :—

“ The Commanding-Officer of the troops of his Danish Majesty, occupied in the attack on Anholt, agrees to surrender prisoner of war, *at discretion*, with all the troops, to the forces of His Britannic Majesty, with the reserve, that their personal property shall be retained by them, and that, at the convenience of the commandant of the Island of

Anholt, a cartel, with unsealed letters, shall be sent to Jutland.

“ Given at Anholt, the 27th of March, 1811.

“ BORGEN,

“ Commandant of the Danish troops
at Anholt.”

This expedition sailed from Randers, and was commanded by Melstedt, a very distinguished officer.

Return of the Ordnance Stores taken from the enemy in his attack at Anholt, 27th of March, 1811:—

1 Brass ordnance, field-carriage, 4-pounder.

2 Four-inch mortars.

484 Muskets and bayonets.

470 Swords.

16,000 Musket-balls.

14 Four-inch shells, fixed.

R. C. STEELE,

Commanding R. M. Artillery.

Danish officers killed.—1 Major ; 2 Captains ;
2 Lieutenants.

Their wounded were very numerous, and the wounds from cannon-shot so severe, as in most cases to require amputation. Our mess-room, in

this little barrack of sand, was given up as a hospital for them, and the next morning, as I was passing by the door at our usual breakfast-hour, there stood two wheelbarrows full of arms and legs, which were sent off to be buried at low-water mark. I called to inquire for poor Reytz, who had suffered amputation of one leg, and the surgeon said he was just going to take off the other. I waited but a little, when the surgeon came out with the newly-amputated limb bleeding in his hand, to show us the nature of the wound. "How is the poor fellow?" we anxiously asked. "*I left him asleep!*" replied the doctor: but, alas! an hemorrhage came on, and the brave Dane died.

Taken prisoners.—5 Captains; 2 Adjutants; 9 Lieutenants; and 440 Rank and File, exclusive of the wounded belonging to the following corps:

2nd Battalion of Jutland Sharpshooters.

4th Battalion 2nd Regiment of Jutland Jagers.

4th Battalion 1st Regiment of Jutland Infantry.

Officers of the Royal Marine corps engaged in the defence of Anholt:—

Robert Torrens, Commandant.

W. Holtaway, Captain.

W. Steele, „

J. N. Fischer, Lieutenant and Quarter-Master.

Robert Steele, Lieutenant and Adjutant.

R. Turnbull, Lieutenant.

— Stewart, „

J. Gray, „

R. Ford, „

Rd. Jellicoe, Second Lieutenant.

— Atkinson, „ „

— Curtayne, „ „

Royal Marine Artillery :—

R. C. Steele, Lieutenant Commanding.

John Bezant, Second Lieutenant.

The news of this defence, though met in England by the glorious intelligence of the Battle of Barossa, excited great public attention.—The press, that mirror of the soldier's fame, spoke of it in glowing terms. One writer said it brought back the memory of the days of Thermopylæ; and Mr. Perceval, the prime minister, speaking of it in the House of Commons, called it “the romantic defence of Anholt.”

It might fairly have been supposed that, as this was purely an achievement of the marines, those who contributed to it would be rewarded by some signal marks of the Prince Regent's approbation. But what followed?—The Lieutenant of the navy, who took home the despatch, got his promotion;

while the Lieutenant commanding the Marine Artillery, who so vitally contributed to the defence, got nothing ! The Board, who had so sapiently fabricated the ship Anholt, doled out one brevet-majority, which, of course, went to Torrens, and one brevet of Captain, which, of course, should *not* have gone to the Quarter-Master, but it did ; and the only reason I have ever heard for its doing so was, that the said Quarter-Master was a sort of Guernsey Cousin to the naval Commander-in-Chief. Moreover, when we petitioned the Admiralty for permission to wear “ Anholt ” on our breastplates, as a memorial of the “ good fortune ” which had attended our defence, this small boon their Lordships were most graciously pleased to refuse ; though one of their “ Lordships ” had been made a Knight of the Bath, without ever having been in action.

Our consolation, however, under the disappointment caused by such treatment, was found in the perusal of the public praises already alluded to, and in the welcome congratulations of our families and friends. My dear mother wrote me that she had been down on her knees in humble thanksgiving to the God of mercy and the God of battles, that he had vouchsafed his protection to

us, in so glorious a conflict ; and my good father declared that, like the old Roman, he had almost died of joy, that his “two sons were victorious on the same day.”

Such communications give a glow to the spirit, beyond the power of princes to bestow. Their effect, then and even *now*, that both these parents are gathered away, go far to convince me that, of all human praise, that is sweetest and most lasting which comes from home.

It would, perhaps, be wrong not to pay tribute to the assistance afforded us by the frigate and the brig. The Tartar was so far to leeward, as she rounded the eastern reef, that she could not get at the gunboats before they had swept away ; and, from their slight draught of water, passed amongst the western reefs and embarked the beaten troops. The Sheldrake could not attack them from being to leeward. Towards the afternoon the flotilla made sail in the direction of the Sheldrake, but shortly afterwards separated ; eight of the gun-boats, and nearly all the transports, steering for the coast of Jutland, and the remaining four gun-boats, and a vessel armed *en flute*, running before the wind for the coast of Sweden.

While the Tartar stood after the division steer-

ing for Jutland, the Sheldrake gave chase to that running for Sweden. At half-past four the Sheldrake went beautifully into action, and captured the gun-boat, No. 9, of two long 18-pounders, and four brass howitzers, with a lieutenant of the Danish navy, and 64 men. Having taken out the prisoners, the brig continued the chase, and captured a large lugger, No. 1, mounting two long 24-pounders, and four brass howitzers, with a lieutenant and 70 men. Another heavy gun-brig was sent to the bottom by the Sheldrake's shot ; while the Tartar drove her chase to the island of Lissoa, having captured two, and was obliged to haul off from the shoal water to the southward of the island.

I wish I could stop here ; but truth must reveal what was passing on board the British brig at this victorious moment, when, with an ensign flying at each mast-head and at the mizen-peak, she bounded into battle. The laurels she won must be passed aside, and the snake which was coiled beneath them be shown, not as a reproach, but as a warning. As she went into action, a proof that tyrants are not always cowards was given ; an offender (for I do not mean to say he had not offended) was on the instant seized, stripped, and

fastened to a gun. He was then exposed and punished, in a manner and to a degree that ought not to be used towards a dog.

Amongst the pictures purchased for Louis Philip in Spain, and just now brought to Paris, is one by Velasquez, representing a martyr being flayed alive. This will give some idea of flogging: the only difference being that, in the *reality*, the flesh is torn from the bones with knotted cords; in the *picture*, it is perpetrated with pincers. You have the same writhe of agony in the face; the body is in a state of collapse; blood gushes from the wound; and tears of blood and bitterness drop from the inflamed eye. But the scream—the yell of agony!—who can paint that? On board the British brig, in the instance above cited, the yell of agony was drowned in the roar of artillery, and smothered in its smoke. So apt is mankind to abuse unlimited power, and indeed so utterly unfit is human nature to possess it, that it is looked upon at last as a toy—a something to play with, and, of course, to abuse.

In Sir John Barrow's *Life of Lord Howe*, which I have before alluded to, he remarks significantly that, in neither of the great mutinies, was "flogging" made a matter of complaint amongst the

seamen ; and he would therefore infer that this execrable mode of punishment was not deemed a heavy grievance by them. But the reply to this sophism is, that the heavy grievances against which the seamen rose were *general*, and pressed upon all alike ; whereas the cat comes from the captain—it depends upon his caprice, or his natural disposition, or what you will ; and it is reasonable to suppose that in some ships, and with some commanders, there was, at the period alluded to, not only no cause of complaint, but comparatively much cause for congratulation. Moreover, against Sir J. Barrow's inference, that "flogging" does not excite or contribute to *mutiny*, I will here relate an instance in which flogging alone provoked it, with all its sanguinary and deadly consequences.

The cause to which I allude occurred on board the *Edgar*, of 74 guns, Captain ——, after Lord Keith's flag was struck on board of her. Lord Keith had commanded the whole Eastern coast, from the Downs, during the time that invasion was most expected and dreaded from the flotilla at Boulogne. But on the coming into office of a new Board of Admiralty, they wished, as usual, to provide for some claimant. Accordingly, they cut the command in two, and appointed another Admi-

ral to hoist his flag,—as old Keith called it,—“under his nose.” But his Lordship, being of the first Bishop of Bath and Wells’ school, would have *baith*, or none,—all, or nothing; and, this not being acceded to, he struck his flag. The *Edgar* had been so long stationary in the Downs, that, although exceedingly alert in furling sails, and other incidental harbour duty, when she went to sea the men were unaccustomed to work together in stormy weather: they were slack, and required time, patience, practice, and moderate discipline, to bring them round. A man of mild method and firm purpose would soon have done this; but their Captain pressed them with an iron hand, and flogged them, till, as he told his first lieutenant, he was “tired of flogging,” and therefore handed them over to the lieutenants to be started—a more prompt punishment even than flogging. It used to be said that a good starting (that is, beating a man with a rope till he cannot see) was worse than a bad flogging at the gangway. However, their compound effect was to drive the *Edgar*’s crew to madness and mutiny; and it is since known that they had agreed amongst themselves to seize the first leading wind into the harbour, rise upon their officers, carry the ship into Rochfort, (which port

they were blockading,) and deliver her and themselves into the hands of the enemy. It came to pass, however, that this plan was disconcerted, by the *Edgar's* being ordered to Plymouth to refit. As she approached the shores of old England, (the boasted land of justice and liberty,) her miserable and persecuted crew addressed a round-robin, signed by nearly 200 names, to the Lords of the Admiralty, stating their grievances from "flogging and starting,"* and begging for an inquiry into the state and discipline of the ship. By a "round-robin," gentle reader, is meant a letter with the signatures written all round it, so that it is impossible to know whose signatures were placed there first ;—for, although their letter expressed perfect loyalty to their king, and firm devotion to their country, (in whose service many had bled, and all were ready to die,) had it been known who signed first, a broad R. or black letter would have been set against their names. When the ship anchored in Cawsand Bay, the "round-robin" was confided to a trusty hand, slipped into the post-office, and in due course read to the Board ; who

* Some captains of ships kept their cats steeped in brine, to make their horrid punishments still more cruel ; but this was unusual and always reprobated.

forthwith sent down an order to the Rear-Admiral at Plymouth, to take with him the two senior captains of the ships lying there, and go on board the Edgar, and inquire into the complaints made by the crew.

The Edgar's captain treated this matter *de haut en bas*. He sent his first lieutenant into the cabin to know if the Court of Inquiry wanted him, as he was going on shore. But the court desired him to remain on board during their sitting. Afterwards the captain of the Edgar applied to the Admiralty for public leave, and left his ship.

What report the Court of Inquiry made to the Admiralty, I know not; *but Sir J. Barrow can and perhaps will tell us*. At any rate, the ship's company fancied the captain and officers would be changed; and so went on cheerfully with their duty. Some alarm arose, however, that all was not fair,—in consequence of a draft that was required for a most unpleasant service being made exclusively from those men who had signed the round-robin, and which, it was afterwards known, was done by an express direction by letter from the captain to the first-lieutenant; but their worst fears were realized when it was known that Captain —— was returned from leave, and was

actually coming on board. This drove them into open mutiny. It was soon after 12 o'clock, when all hands had been piped to dinner, and the first-lieutenant had gone below, that a serjeant of marines came to tell him that the whole ship's company had rushed on deck, and were swearing they would not go to sea with the same captain and officers. The first-lieutenant went on deck, and was met by cries of "A new captain!"—"A change of officers!"—"We proved our grievances before the Court of Inquiry!"

The boatswain was ordered to pipe "all hands down:" but not a man moved. The marines were then ordered under arms, and they formed in line upon the poop. They were next ordered to load with ball. To give the mutineers a moment for reflection, the first-lieutenant went below for his dirk and the articles of war; and, on his return, he said to a boatswain's mate who stood near the ladder, "I order you below immediately;" the boatswain's mate did not budge an inch. He touched his hat, but stood still. The first-lieutenant then desired the commanding officer of the marines to send him down a corporal and file of men. They were sent accordingly. "Now, Sir," said the first-lieutenant, again addressing the

boatswain's mate and the men, "if you do not go down, I will run you through, and the marines shall fire."

At this terrible crisis—whether from a wish to avoid extremities with the first-lieutenant, who was of a humane and generous disposition, and who had never himself had the men started—from this, or whatever other reason, I know not, but there was a simultaneous cry of "*Down, all hands ;*" and in an instant the officers stood alone upon the quarter-deck.

A boat was immediately despatched with a letter to the captain, acquainting him with what had happened. He contented himself with sending directions to the first-lieutenant to put the boatswain's mate and half a dozen of the *foremost* in irons ; and upon them he applied for a general court-martial for mutiny. The men were tried by a general court-martial, the president of which was the very Rear-Admiral who conducted the inquiry into the complaints of the ship's company, and for which no redress had been given ; and that court-martial sentenced these unhappy men *to go through the fleet* ; which sentence was carried into execution, by their receiving some hundred lashes, divided into five-and-twenties and fifties, along-

side each ship of the fleet, beginning with their own.

I believe no man has ever been known to hold his head up after going through the fleet. The heavy launch is fitted with a triangle, to which the wretch is tied as if to a cross. It takes some hours to row (sometimes against wind and tide) through the fleet. The torture is therefore protracted, till (to use the sailor's phrase) "their very soul is cut out." After this dreadful sentence they almost always die.

The first-lieutenant of the *Edgar*, long since a captain in the navy, and an ornament to his profession, told me the other day, he never could forgive himself for having put these unfortunate men in irons ; and that his distress and remorse had been greater of late than ever ; " For," said he, " several years afterwards, when I was living in Scotland, some of the old *Edgar's* crew found me out, and came to see me, and to get some certificates, to enable them to recover some prize-money ; and, on my asking them about the mutiny, they shook their heads, and said ' The punishment had fallen wrong.' "

With respect to Sir John Barrow's other inference, that impressment had nothing to do with

the great mutinies in 1797, because no express notice was taken of it in the complaints of that time—I will only observe, that if crimping and kidnapping, and forcibly carrying a man to a ship of war, and perhaps lashing him there, does not stir his heart up to resistance, whenever he dares to show it, it can only be, because his heart was broken by the process.

CHAPTER XI.

Admiral Reynolds arrives at Anholt—Captain D. O. Guion
—Shipwreck of the Defence and St. George off Jutland—
—and the Hero off the Texel—The frustrated court-martial
—return to England—Battle of Salamanca—Lord Wel-
lington's Despatch—Possession of Madrid.

As the spring advanced, Anholt became, as usual, enlivened by the coming up of ships ; and at dusk, on the 7th of May, my old captain, Reynolds, with his flag now flying on board the St. George, anchored off the island with a large convoy. I was most happy to see him, and he received me in his naturally kind manner. He seemed the very type of what is called a "beloved commander." With him, as flag-captain, was gentlemanly Guion, a man whom the men admired and the women loved, but whose fate

seems to have been spun with malice aforethought by the weird sisters.

It was while I was with Captain Reynolds in the Princess Royal that Daniel Guion, then a post-captain, came on board to see his elder brother, the first-lieutenant of the ship. We were all dining with Captain Reynolds, and the conversation turned on the probable promotions in the navy.

"It will not be long, I hope, before you get your flag, sir," said the first-lieutenant to Reynolds.

"Not yet, Guion, certainly," he replied.

"But *when you do*," said his brother, half jokingly, "you must make me your flag-captain."

"That I will, I promise you," rejoined Reynolds, holding out his hand as a pledge of his sincerity.

Some years afterwards, when most likely all had forgotten what had passed, except he who made the promise, Rear-Admiral Reynolds was ordered to hoist his flag in the St. George; and, by his special application, Captain Daniel Oliver Guion was appointed to command the ship.

When I sat at dinner on board the St. George, off Anholt, the circumstance recurred to my mind, and I mentioned it; upon which these excellent fellows, whom I was with for the last time, shook

hands, and said how happy they were together. The disasters that befel so large a part of our fleet in the Baltic, at the close of this year, are well known. They, alas, included the fate of the *St. George*, and with her the lives of two men I loved best in the world. But it seems wrong to talk of two only, when more than two thousand perished.

The *St. George* had encountered a heavy gale of wind, in November, while passing the Belt, and many of her convoy (she having been compelled to cut away all her masts) *fell into the hands of the enemy*. After much danger, she got safe into Wingo Sound. There she rigged jury-masts, and fitted a temporary rudder.—On the 17th or 18th of December, the fleet, consisting of eight sail of the line, several frigates and smaller vessels, and more than 150 merchant-ships, sailed from Wingo Sound.

The line-of-battle ships were—

100	The Victory.	{ Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, K.B.	
		{ Captain George Hope.	
		„	Philip Damaresq.
98	Dreadnought.	„	S. Hood Linzee.
	„ St. George.	{ Rear-Admiral R. Carthew Reynolds.	
		{ Captain Daniel Oliver Guion.	
74	Cressy	„	Charles D. Pater.

74	Hero,	Captain James Newman.
„	Vigo,	{ Rear-Admiral Manley Dixon. Captain M. H. Dixon.
„	Defence,	„ D. Atkins.
„	Orion,	„ Sir A. Dickson, Bart.

From the crippled condition of the *St. George*, the *Cressy* and *Defence* were appointed to attend her. In the course of a few hours, a violent storm overtook and dispersed the fleet ; but the *Defence* stuck to the *St. George*, and they remained in the utmost peril together for five days ; at the end of which time, after a terrible struggle, both these magnificent ships were stranded on the west coast of Jutland. This happened on Christmas eve. The *Defence* struck first, and in less than half an hour was beat to pieces, and every soul perished, except five seamen and one marine, who were thrown upon the shore, as they clung to a beam of the wreck.

There is little doubt but the *Defence* might have saved herself, by abandoning the *St. George* at the commencement of the gale. But her noble, brave, and humane commander risked all, and lost all, rather than forsake his consort.

The *St. George*, on seeing the *Defence* strike, immediately let go her anchor ; but in bringing up she grounded abaft, and was deluged in foam.

Although so close, it was impossible to afford them any assistance from the shore. Even had "Pel-lew," the saviour of the Dutton's crew, been there, Reynolds could not have been rescued from the shore. Every boat was hoisted out, but they were unmanageable. The moment they touched the furious sea, they drifted from the ship, were upset, and lost. Out of all the crew only eleven were saved. At the time these men were washed from the wreck the Admiral and Captain (Reynolds and Guion) lay dead upon the quarter-deck, their hands pressed and *frozen* together in that friendship which death, even in this horrible shape, could not sever. More than 500 of the crew lay lifeless about them ; some fifty groaned and screamed in agony a few hours longer. Their shrieks were heard on the shore, but help could not reach them ; and, when the last remains of the St. George went down, they sunk with her, only 300 fathoms from the land.

Many persons have blamed the risking a three-deck ship, under jury-masts, at such a season, and in such a sea. But both Reynolds and Guion were prime sailors ; and the ship was surveyed and reported on to the Commander-in-Chief at Wingo Sound. Indeed I was myself with the Admiral on a

former occasion, when his ship was on shore, and I know how his seamanship saved her. But, as if to rescue their name and fame even from doubt, one of the finest men of war in the world, in complete equipment, and belonging to the same fleet, was wrecked on the same sea, at the same time. I allude to the *Hero* of 74 guns, which, on Christmas-day, was lost, with all her crew, on the Haak Sand off the Texel—making the appalling amount of 2000 men swallowed by the sea!

A circumstance worth relating occurred in connexion with the Island of Anholt this year. “My Lords” of the Admiralty had thought proper to appoint a “boatswain” to their anomalous island, or ship-island, or Phantom Ship, as above named; and the said boatswain thought proper to do something which, had he been on board ship, would have subjected him to be tried by a naval court-martial. “My Lords,” however, determined that the island *was* a ship and should be a ship, and subject to all the rules and ordinances “in such cases made and provided.” Accordingly, a court-martial was assembled, with Sir George Hope (“The Downright”) at its head. But they very soon came to the determination that, however potent the plan of

Mr. Croker might be, it was not *quite* equivalent to an act of Parliament. In short, not wishing to bring a nest of hornets from Westminster-hall about their heads, they refused to proceed, and sent their reasons to the Commander-in-Chief, for the information of my Lords of the Admiralty. The Admiralty, however, resolutely wrong, remained stedfast in their purpose, and sent out a peremptory order to Sir James Saumarez to re-assemble the court-martial, and to give it positive instructions to proceed. But neither the president of the court, nor the honourable members of it, were to be intimidated. They would not act contrary to law. They came to the same resolution as before, and refused to go on with the trial.

By this time the season was so far advanced, that the fleet was about to return home ; and the Admiralty were rescued from public exposure by the death of their boatswain ; he and all the witnesses against him, *and against them*, being lost, either in H. M. S. Defence, or in the St. George.

Shortly after this there was a change of Administration ; Lord Melville succeeded Mr. Yorke at the Admiralty ; and a corps of veterans were sent

to relieve the marine battalion on the island of Anholt.

On returning to England, I found that the despair which had so long prevailed respecting our ultimate success in the Peninsula was beginning to disappear. The triumph of Albuera, the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of Badajoz, but above all, the glorious battle of Salamanca, and the clearing the south of Spain, gave courage to the despairing.

Marshal Beresford, in his letter to the Commander-in-Chief after Albuera, says, "I have infinite satisfaction in communicating to your Lordship that the allied army under my orders obtained on the 16th instant (after a most sanguinary contest) a complete victory over those of the enemy, commanded by Marshal Soult." But neither Soult nor the French acknowledge that they were beaten: "Because," say they, "our object was to relieve Badajoz, and Badajoz was relieved; and, our object being gained, the battle was not lost."

Even this, however, Marmont could not say of his attempt to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo, for Wellington stormed and carried it, as he afterwards did Badajoz, in the teeth of Marshal Soult. But Salamanca, or Los dos Arapiles, as the Spaniards

call it, was and is the battle *par excellence*. There Marmont was out-manceuvred, out-generalled, and completely beaten. During three days' previous manœuvres Wellington avoided action, and almost retreated from a consciousness of numerical inferiority. But by a sudden burst of genius—by a sudden and prompt movement, and an astonishing exactness in the calculation of time, he turned the enemy's flank—broke like a thunderbolt through the very centre of the superior army to which he was opposed (who imagined they were hedging him in, and preventing his escape!)—and not only routed and destroyed 26,000, but took 7000 prisoners. The following are the words in which the illustrious conqueror tells the story :—

“ Flores de Avila, July 24th, 1812.

“ My Aid-de-camp, Captain Lord Clinton, will present to your Lordship this account of a victory, which the allied troops under my command, gained in a general action fought near Salamanca, on the evening of the 22nd instant, which I have been under the necessity of delaying to send until now, having been engaged ever since the action in pursuit of the enemy's flying troops.

“ In my letter of the 21st I informed your Lord-

ship that both armies were near the Tormes; and the enemy crossed that river with the greater part of his troops in the afternoon, by the fords between the Alba del Tormes and Huerta, and moved by their left towards the roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo.

“ The allied army, with the exception of the 3rd division, and General D’Urban’s cavalry, likewise crossed the Tormes in the evening by the bridge of Salamanca, and the fords in the neighbourhood; and I placed the troops in a position, of which the right was upon the two heights called Los dos Arapiles, and the left on the Tormes, below the ford of Santa Martha.

“ The 3rd division, and Brigadier General D’Urban’s cavalry, were left at Caburines, on the right of the Tormes, as the enemy had still a large corps on the heights above Babilafuente, on the same side of the river; and I considered it not improbable that, finding our army prepared for them in the morning, on the left of the Tormes, they might alter their plan and manœuvre by the other bank.

“ In the course of the night of the 21st, I received intelligence, of the truth of which I could not doubt, that General Clausel had arrived at

Pallas on the 20th, with the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the North, to join Marshal Marmont; and I was quite certain that those troops would join him on the 22nd or 23rd at the latest.

“During the night of the 21st the enemy had taken possession of the village of Calvarasa de Ariba and of the height near it, called Nuestra Señora de la Peña, our cavalry being in possession of Calvarasa de Abaxo, and shortly after daylight detachments from both armies attempted to obtain possession of the more distant, from our right of the two hills called dos Arapiles.

“The enemy, however, succeeded, their detachment being the strongest, and having been concealed in the woods nearer than we were, by which success they strengthened materially their own position, and their power by increased means of annoying ours.

“In the morning, the light troops of the 7th division and the 4th caçadores belonging to General Pack’s brigade were engaged with the enemy on the height called Nuestra Señora de la Peña, on which height they maintained themselves with the enemy throughout the day. The possession, however, of the more distant of the Arapiles by

the enemy, rendered it necessary for me to extend the right of the army, in potence to the right of the heights behind the village of dos Arapiles and to occupy the village with the light infantry ; and here I placed the 4th division under the command of the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole ; and although, from the variety of the enemy's movements, it was difficult to form a satisfactory judgment of his intentions, I considered that, on the whole, his objects were upon the left of the Tormes.

“ I therefore ordered the Honourable Major-General Packenham, who commanded the 3rd division in the absence of General Picton, on account of ill health, to move across the Tormes, with the troops under his command, including Brigadier-General d'Urban's cavalry, and to place himself behind Aldea Tejada, Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry, and Don Carlos d'España's infantry having been moved up likewise to the neighbourhood of Las Torres between the 3rd and 4th divisions.

“ After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appears to have determined upon his plan about two in the afternoon, and under cover of a heavy cannonade, which, however, did us but

little damage, he extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line ; or at all events, to render difficult any movements of ours to our right.

“ The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious. I reinforced our right with the 5th division under Lieutenant-General Leith, which I placed behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th division, and with the 6th and 7th divisions in reserve ; and as soon as those troops had taken their stations, I ordered Major-General Pakenham to move forward with the 3rd division, and General D’Urban’s cavalry and two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, in four columns, to turn the enemy’s left on the heights, while Brigadier-General Bradford’s brigade, the 5th division under General Leith, the 4th division under the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole,

and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, should attack them in front, supported in reserve by the 6th division under Major-General Clinton, the 7th division under Major-General Hope, and Don Carlos d'España's Spanish division, and Brigadier-General Denis Pack, should support the left of the 4th division, by attacking that of the dos Arapiles which the enemy held: the 1st and light divisions occupied the ground on the left, and were in reserve.

“The attack was made upon the enemy's left in the manner above described and completely succeeded. Major-General the Honourable Edward Pakenham formed the 3rd division when across the enemy's flank, and overthrew everything opposed to him: those troops were supported in the most gallant style by the Portuguese cavalry under Brigadier General D'Urban, and Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey's squadrons of the 14th dragoons, who successfully defeated every attempt made by the enemy on the flank of the 3rd division.

“Brigadier General Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 4th divisions, and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, attacked the enemy in front, and drove his troops before them, from

one height to another, bringing forward their right so as to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank, in proportion to the advance. Brigadier-General Pack made a very gallant attack upon the Arapiles, in which, however, he did not succeed, except in diverting the attention of the enemy's corps placed upon it from the troops under the command of Lieutenant-General Cole, in his advance.

“The cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade, and I have to regret the loss of a most noble officer.

“After the crest of the height was carried one division of the enemy's infantry made a stand against the 4th division, which, after a severe contest, was obliged to give way, in consequence of the enemy having thrown some troops on the left of the 4th division, after the failure of Brigadier-General Pack's attack upon the Arapiles, and the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole having been wounded.

“Marshal Sir William Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, directed Brigadier-General

Spry's brigade of the 5th division, which was in the second line, to charge its front, and to bring its fire to bear upon the flank of the enemy's division; and I am sorry to add that, while he was engaged in this service, he received a wound which, I am apprehensive, may deprive me of his counsel and assistance for some time. Nearly about the same time Lieutenant-General Leith received a wound, which unfortunately obliged him to quit the field. I ordered up the 6th division, under Major-General Clinton, to relieve the 4th, and the battle was soon restored to its former success.

“ The enemy's right, however, reinforced by the troops which had fled from his left, and by those which had now retired from the Arapiles, still continued to resist, and I ordered the 1st and light divisions, and General Stubbs' Portuguese brigade of the 4th division, which was re-formed, and Major General William Anson's brigade, likewise of the 4th division, to turn the right, while the 6th division, supported by the 3rd and 5th, attacked in front. It was dark before this point was carried by the 6th division, and the enemy fled through the woods towards the Tormes. I pursued them with the 1st and light divisions, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade of the 4th

division, and some squadrons of cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, as long as we could find any of them together, directing our march upon Huerta and the fords of the Tormes, by which the enemy had passed on their advance ; but the darkness of the night was highly advantageous to the enemy, many of whom escaped under its cover, who must otherwise have been in our hands.

“ I am sorry to report that under this same cause Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton was unfortunately wounded by one of our own sentries after he had halted.

“ We renewed the pursuit at the break of day in the morning with the same troops, and Major-General Bock's and Major-General Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night, and having crossed the Tormes, we came up with the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and infantry near la Serna : they were immediately attacked by the two brigades of dragoons, and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made on the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the king's German Legion, under Major-General Bock, which was completely successful, and the

whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's 1st division, were made prisoners.

“The pursuit was afterwards continued as far as Penasander last night, and our troops are still following the flying enemy. Their head-quarters were in this town, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle, for a few hours last night, and they are now considerably advanced on the road to Valladolid by Arevalo. They were joined yesterday on their retreat by the cavalry and artillery of the Army of the North, which have arrived, it is to be hoped, too late to be of much use to them.

“It is impossible to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action, but from all reports it is very considerable. We have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition waggons, two eagles and six colours, one General, three Colonels, three Lieutenant-Colonels, 130 Officers of inferior rank, and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners, and our detachments are sending in more every moment. The number of dead on the field is very large. I am informed Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost one of his arms, and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded.

“Such advantage could not have been acquired without material loss on our side ; but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army, or cripple its operations.

“I have great pleasure in reporting to your lordship that throughout the trying day, of which I have related the events, I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the general officers and troops.

“The relation I have written of its events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them, and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every person in his station.

“I am much indebted to Marshal Sir W. Beresford for his friendly counsel and assistance, both previous to and during the action, to Lieut.-Generals Sir S. Cotton, Leith and Cole, and Major-Generals Clinton, and the Hon. E. Pakenham, for the manner in which they led the divisions of cavalry and infantry, to Major-General Hulse, commanding a brigade in the 6th division, Major-General George Anson, commanding a brigade of cavalry, Colonel Hinde, Colonel the Hon. W. Ponsonby, commanding Major-General Le Marchant's brigade, after the fall of that officer, to Major-General W. Anson, commanding a brigade of

the 4th division, Major-General Pringle, commanding a brigade of the 5th division and the division after Lieut.-General Leith was wounded, Br.-General Bradford, Br.-General Spry, Colonel Stubbs, and Br.-General Power of the Portuguese service, likewise Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the 95th, commanding a brigade in the 3rd division, Lieut.-Colonel Williams of the 60th foot, Lieut.-Colonel Wallace, of the 88th, commanding a brigade in the 3rd division, Lieut.-Colonel Ellis, of the 23rd, commanding General the Hon. Edw. Pakenham's brigade in the 4th division during his absence in the command of the 3rd division, the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Greville, of the 38th regt., commanding Major-General Hay's brigade in the 5th division, during his absence on leave, Br.-General Pack, Br.-General the Conde de Rezendi, of the Portuguese service, Colonel Douglass, of the 8th Portuguese regiment, Lieut.-Colonel the Conde de Ficalho, of the same regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel Bingham, of the 53rd regiment; likewise to Br.-General D'Urban, and Lieut.-Colonel Hervey of the 14th light dragoons, Colonel Lord Edward Somerset, commanding the 4th dragoons, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, commanding the 12th dragoons.

“ I must also mention Lieut.-Colonel Woodford, commanding the light battalion of the brigade of Guards, who, supported by two companies of the Fusileers, under the command of Captain Crowder, maintained the village of the Arápiles against all the efforts of the enemy, previous to the attack upon the position by our troops.

“ In a case in which the conduct of all has been conspicuously good, I regret that the necessary limits of a despatch prevent me from drawing your Lordship’s notice to the conduct of a larger number of individuals ; but I can assure your Lordship that there was no officer of corps, engaged in this action, who did not perform his duty to his Sovereign and his country.

“ The Royal and German artillery, under Lieut.-Colonel Framingham, distinguished themselves, by the accuracy of their fire, wherever it was possible to use them ; and they advanced to the attack of the enemy’s position with the same gallantry as the ther troops.

“ I am particularly indebted to Lieut.-Colonel de Lancy, the acting Quarter-master-General, the head of the department present, in the absence of the Quarter-master-General, and to the officers of that department, and of the staff corps, for the

assistance I received from them ; particularly the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sturgeon of the latter, and Major Scovell of the former, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Waters, at present at the head of the Adjutant-General's department ; and to Lieutenant-Colonel Lord FitzRoy Somerset, and the officers of my personal Staff ; amongst the latter, I particularly wish your Lordship to draw the attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent to His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange, whose conduct in the field, as well as upon every other occasion, entitles him to my highest commendation, and has procured for him the respect and the regard of the whole army.

“ I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Mariscal del Campo, Don Carlos d'España, and of Brigadier Don Julien Sanchez, and with that of the troops under their command respectively ; and with that of the Mariscal del-Campo, Don Miguel Alava, and of Brigadier Don Joseph O'Lawler, employed with this army by the Spanish government ; from whom, and from the Spanish authorities and people in general, I received every assistance I could expect.

“ It is but justice to draw your Lordship's at-

tention upon this occasion to the merits of the officers of the civil department of this army: notwithstanding the increased distance of our operations from our magazines, and that the country is completely exhausted, we have hitherto wanted nothing, owing to the diligence and attention of Mr. Commissary General Bisset, and the officers of the department under his direction.

“ I have likewise to mention, that by the attention and ability of Dr. MacGregor, and of the officers of the department under his charge, our wounded, as well as those of the enemy left in our hands, have been well taken care of; and I hope that many of these valuable men will be saved to the service.

“ Captain Lord Clinton will have the honour of laying at the feet of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent the eagles and colours taken from the enemy in this action.

“ WELLINGTON.”

On the 14th of August, the conqueror, following up his victory, took possession of Madrid by capitulation.

CHAPTER XII.

Marshal Marmont—Lord Wellington appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Armies—Sir Charles Doyle arrives in England to recruit for Officers—Lieut. Meerhay enters the Spanish service as Captain, arrival at Lisbon—English Wives—Climate of Portugal—Portuguese Beggars—Bad Inns—Elvas—Entrance into Spain—Badajos—Anniversary Dinner in the Breach.

IT was many years after the events related in the preceding chapter, that I had the honour to be introduced to Marmont. It is no small praise of this general to say, that he was the opponent of Wellington in the most skilful and scientific of all his battles. Indeed, the fact of his having been so, will immortalize him.

On my first introduction to Marmont, I was struck by his handsome countenance and elegant manners. To be sure, it was under circumstances in which, after the field of battle, a French soldier is seen to the greatest advantage; he was in ladies' company. There was a knot of three very remarkable persons sitting together; viz., Marmont,

Duc de Raguse, Madame Barraguay D'Hilliers, widow of the famous general of that name, and her daughter, since become the wife and widow of the noble soldier, who, like our Wolfe, died in the arms of victory, in the breach at Constantine : I allude to General D'Amremont.

After the battle of Salamanca, Lord Wellington advanced without opposition to Burgos ; but there, for want of artillery, he was stopped ; and ultimately retreated to Freynada, where he entered into cantonments for the winter, but from which he started like a giant refreshed in the spring, fought his first battle against the King in person, on the right bank of the Ebro ; drove the French into the passes of the Pyrenees, and sent the baton of Marshal Jourdan to be laid at the feet of the Prince Regent of England.

While Wellington lay in his winter cantonment, the Spanish Government resolved to perform at least one act of sound policy and justice to their cause : they appointed him Captain-General, and General-in-Chief of all the Spanish armies, and His Excellency mounted the red Cockade in addition to those of England and Portugal, which he already wore.

It was at this time, also, that the want of British

officers to instruct and lead the British troops, as Marshal Beresford and his officers had instructed and led the Portuguese, was acknowledged by the hitherto zealous and suspicious government of Spain ; and Sir Charles Doyle, who had the rank of Lieut.-General in the Spanish service, and who commanded the Depôt of Instruction in the Isla de Leon, near Cadiz, came to England for recruits.

From the troops of the line not one more could be spared ; and, after great coaxing, Lord Melville, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, consented that six should “ be spared,” as he called it, from the marines. Of these I had the happiness, the unspeakable good fortune, to be one ; for I was determined to be a colonel or a corpse before the close of the war.

In taking leave of my old corps (for I never served with them afterwards), I may say, that if I have met their equals, I have never met their superiors, in all the qualities of good soldiers. The marines really fight *con amore*. As a body, no other country has a more formidable or better disciplined, or a more efficient force—loyal and true to the crown, they have always been found good at need, animated by the highest principles of military virtue, governed by precepts of the

strictest honour and integrity, and pursuing individually a straight path of duty to their sovereign and to society, they are entitled to a place, if not amongst the highest, certainly among the most meritorious classes of either public or private life—they may not be what I once heard a mustachoied Dandy term a “fashionable corps,” but they are more—they are a “respectable corps,”—a corps of gentlemen, taken from the middle, and most healthy, as well as most moral part of the British community, and are, as soldiers and men, “sans peur, et sans reproche.” Still, I must repeat, a more neglected body does not exist in the service. They have been used worse than the German Legion, who, during the war absolutely fought themselves from insignificance to distinction; for, after the battle of Salamanca, where they even outdid their former doings, the following order was issued, putting them on a footing with the rest of the army:—

“War-Office, August, 1812.”

“The King’s German Legion having so frequently distinguished themselves against the enemy, and particularly at the late victory at Salamanca, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is pleased to command, in the name and behalf of His Majesty,

that the officers serving with temporary rank in that corps shall have permanent rank in the army from the date of their respective commissions."

The Life-Guards, too—who does not remember where they *were*, and how they *fought* themselves to what they *now are*? But *the marines*, and the marine artillery, like the noble war-horse, have contributed more than their share in all the great battles in which they have participated; and, like the war-horse, too, they have hitherto been unrewarded with anything but the bare provender which was indispensable to keep them fit for their work. But Parliament have at length been induced to listen to their cause, advocated by no bad judges of military merit;—Lord George Lennox, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington, and his brother, the Duke of Richmond, who served as *Captain* in fifteen general actions during the Peninsular war, and whose only military badge, therefore, according to the unjust distribution of honours at its close, is the medal for Waterloo, hung as a pendant to the jewel of the Garter.

It may be all very fine for the gallant Sir Henry Hardinge, whose spirit as a soldier is unanimously admitted and admired, but who now sinks the soldier in the senator—it may be all very well for

him to object to “ the House of Commons being made a Court of Appeal.” But to whom, to what tribunal on this earth are the marines to appeal, if not to the House of Commons? If not, in other words, to their country—that country for which they have fought a thousand battles—and are ready to fight a thousand more? I do not take part in the murmurs about the state of the navy. It must be reduced in time of peace. But irreparable mischief was done by Sir James Graham, when he all but annihilated the marine artillery—a corps without a superior in Europe. It does not appear that we shall again have the *same species* of naval war. The application of steam, though yet in its infancy, to ships of war of every class, will make an entire alteration in strategy at sea. In fact so complete a revolution in maritime warfare will not have been effected since the invention of gunpowder. When a war happens it will be a war of steam ships. You can put engines into your frigates and line-of-battle ships, and a certain number of sailors to navigate them; but you must have *marine artillery*—hundreds and thousands of marine artillery, to fight them. An experienced British general* said to me the other

* Lieut.-General Sir T. Pritzler, K.C.B., since dead.

day, "Sir, you must begin again—you must multiply your two remaining companies of marine artillery. You must immediately begin training and forming them; for artillery are the growth of time; so that in the event of a war, we may be able to bring steam into play. You should begin by reducing 5,000 troops of the line, and graft them in your marine artillery, or let them volunteer. The additional pay, and the love of change, will be sufficient stimulus."

"Very true," I replied; "but the first step to induce soldiers of the line to volunteer into the marine artillery corps must be, to put an end to flogging on board ship, *without* a Court Martial."

No bird just escaped from its cage,—no lark rising from the flowery fields of May to sing at heaven's gate,—could be fuller of light and life and joy, than I was at being released from the routine of a gradation corps, with the full sanction of Government to take service in Spain. Moreover, there was an additional ground for rejoicing at the change;—we had each a step of rank, and received commissions as Captains in the Spanish army. The uniform, too, was so becoming—two bullion epaulettes—the Captains in the British service at that time wearing only one; in short, my day-dream

and nightly vision were the renown to be obtained in the Peninsular war.

In the few weeks previously to the opening the campaign of 1813 I was indefatigable in my study of the Spanish language ; and I certainly subscribe to the opinion, that to be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original, (and from having mixed with the chivalrous and romantic Spanish people, so as to really comprehend and enjoy that racy and incomparable work,) would of itself be a sufficient harvest for all the toil and danger I passed in Spain, and for any pains I took to acquire what they themselves call *la Lengua de Dios*, the language of Heaven !

It was Charles V., I think, who said he would speak French to his tailor, Italian to his mistress, English to the birds, German to his horse, but Spanish to his God.

In the month of March all was stirring at Portsmouth. The disasters of Napoleon had effaced the recollection of the retreat from Burgos ; and it seemed to be the decided wish, both of the English Government and the people, to send out supplies and reinforcements without limit to the Marquis of Wellington. Transports, convoys, and troopships were therefore collecting in the harbour, and at Spithead.

As we were entering a foreign service, it was understood we were to find our own passage to the Peninsula ; but I found it quite as much as I could do to fit myself out for a campaign—to purchase one horse, meaning to get another in the country, and equip myself for the field ; so I wrote a letter to Lord Bathurst, the Secretary of State for War and Colonies, and was gratified by the following reply :—

“ Sir, *War Department, 8th March, 1813.*

“ In answer to your letter of the seventh instant, I am directed by Lord Bathurst to acquaint you, that orders have been sent to the Transport Office to provide you with a passage to Lisbon, on board the Transport, No. 137, according to the request contained in your said letter.

“ I am, &c.

(Signed) “ H. E. BUNBURY.”

“ Well,” said I, “ this is a good beginning ; and in forty-eight hours more we sailed with a fair wind for Portugal. But, alas ! in those days, we had no steam on our ships, by which, like the witches of old (upon a broomstick), we might go in the wind’s eye, and against the sea ; so we were treated with some hours’ tossing in the Bay ; when

about half-seas-over Biscay, the whole convoy was taken aback, the wind veered to the south-west, and came on to blow ; as the sun sunk, the wind rose ; it looked greasy to windward, and at midnight it blew a heavy gale,—how it tore and howl'd, and hush'd and howl'd again through the shrouds,—how the ship shook and trembled, like a thing of life ! Surely one has palpable evidence of the Deity in the invisible wind, which inflicts the blow, though we see not the striker, and alarms us with its voice, though we cannot look on it ; and are we not sensible of His presence, when we breathe the principle of life in the animating air without which we instantly die ? How awful, especially on the ocean, is that hidden mystery—the wind, which, with its invisible arm, churns the sea, raises it to mountains, sinks it in gulphs, and lashes it into foam ; and then the tides, who can account for them ? Alas ! we need not aspire to the stars to feel what atoms we are,—the snail may as well dare comprehend the earth as we the creation. I felt the storm more startling in a transport, where there is much confusion, than on board a frigate, where all is silent but the wind, and the one voice that commands the ship, and where plenty of hands reduce all sail quickly, suddenly repair a

damage, and almost neutralise a danger, by meeting it. While the storm lasted, at times, I wished myself on board that sweetest sea-boat, the *Vestal*. However, God is good ; it was but a twelve hours' burst,—the gale subsided and slept ; and as the morning sun rose, it came with a laughing light wind from the eastward : the scattered convoys came creeping together, so that by evening the swell had also gone down, and we were crowding all sail to make the Rock of Lisbon.

After, on the whole, a favourable passage, we entered an array of reinforcements into the Golden River, and anchored before the fair City of Lisbon, and which, as the breeze died away, it reflected on its bosom like a mirror.

Lisbon sounded in those days almost as English as Boulogne, or the Rue de la Paix do now ; for, as the poor Prince de Condé used to say, "When I walk in the Rue de la Paix I fancy myself in Bond Street again, for I meet none but English faces, and hear nothing but English tongues."

We met many of our gallant fellows upon crutches or with arms in sling, recovering from their wounds ; and frequently, some lovely and devoted wife, who had followed her heart's lord so

far, but was stopped by authority from proceeding to the army. And there was the lovely Harriette P., who, like, and as beautiful as Joan of Arc, or the fair maid of Saragossa, unsexed herself, and followed her idol to the field, where he was slain on one of those famous knolls called the *Arapiles* ; and there she found him, and pressed his cold heart to her burning bosom ; and with him perished all her happiness on earth.—His pale bloodless face, her dry and tearless eye, showed that one bullet had taken a twofold effect.

To leave Spithead with a sharp, nipping north-east wind in the beginning of March, and after a few flying hours, cast anchor amongst the myrtles in the Tagus, is ravishing and romantic. There is, after all, a charm in climate that money cannot buy, or any artificial luxury give you the enjoyment of.

From the British envoy (now become ambassador and Regent of Portugal) I received kindness and hospitality ; and when he found I was proceeding to Cadiz on my own ways and means, he said, “Egad, you are in luck—here are some horses going to Sir Henry Wellesley, our ambassador there—you shall have charge of them, and that will give you great facilities. and an escort,

as well as an introduction to Sir Henry himself, which I will give you."

Elated and happy beyond expression, I joined my charger to the ambassador's stud, and made ready for immediate departure. At Mr. Stuart's table I also had the good fortune to meet two T. G.'s, as they were styled, or travelling gentlemen, making a continental visit, and who, on the minister's recommendation, joined my escort as far as Seville, to which famous city their steps were bent. Besides mules, canteens, and long purses, these charming companions had (under the same beaver) a courier, and a capital cook, who preceded us with our passports, made easy our way, procured us provisions, and captured, killed, and roasted our poultry, by the time of our arrival at our halt for the night.

The breed of beggars, so celebrated in all time as peculiar to Portugal, is fully kept up. Their dirt, vermin, and sores,—their importunity, loudness, and boldness, have undergone no change; and they waylay you at every town, follow you up every hill, and bore you out of all your pence, and more than all,* your patience; they pursue and buz about you like that pest of all insects, the musquito, and you trot out of the

persecution of one lot only to meet, and be pestered by another.

The post-house where we stopped the first night was also a holster-house, kept by the principal vintner of the place,—a fact designated by the simple hanging-out of a vine branch, offering at once a contradiction and an explanation of the proverb, that “ Good wine needs no bush.”

We proceeded next day five leagues, to the Venta de Pegoen, one of the most wretched places of entertainment either for man or beast I ever met with, for there was nothing to be had but what we carried with us, except a stringy old cock, and some sour wine.

The third day we passed the remains of a large palace, built above one hundred years ago by John V., for the use of his daughter-in-law, an Infanta of Spain ; but all traces of occupation were gone, and its falling balconies carried sadness to the mind.

Proceeding thence through large groves of olives we arrived at Montenor, which stands on the slope of a mountain, and borders the horizon. From thence we went on about a mile, and crossed a shining river, that ran murmuring in a silver tone clear as itself, and full of cheerfulness, as if it enjoyed the beautiful scenery through

which it wound its pleasant way. Thence we proceeded to Arrayolos to sleep, which we did as soundly as the fleas would let us.

The next morning we crossed a forest track and reached Estremoz,* and from thence, the following day, entered the ramparts of Elvas, a distance of twenty-four miles.

Having reached the confines of Portugal, and taken a peep at the singular Fort of La Lippe, I became exceedingly impatient to enter the dominions of Spain. Early in the morning, therefore, we crossed the plain and came to the rivulet which divides the two kingdoms ; and I felt a sort of personal glow as I regarded the first sentinel of that army in which I was a captain ; and when the usual salute was given to me, I acknowledged it with a feeling of conscious pride, and spoke to the non-commissioned officer of the post with a confidence that made my companions smile. I was, however, too happy to be understood in my newly-acquired Spanish to be vexed by an innocent joke.

* Estremoz, a fortified town of the province of Alentejo, surrounded with walls, with ten bastions. Earthenware, which gives a most agreeable smell, is made here ; and in the neighbourhood are quarries of precious marble.

We soon came in sight of Badajos, yet reeking with the sack of the preceding year, and it so happened that we entered it on the very anniversary of its being taken by storm,—and were invited by the British officers stationed in the place to an anniversary dinner, which was given in the very breach itself,—or rather where the breach had been. This was surely a singular entertainment for the “curious” traveller, and a famous chance for the memorandum books of the T. G.’s.—At the very hour (of the same day, in the succeeding year), when the assault had been most desperate—when blood flowed like a mountain stream, and men fell in heaps in the breach—we poured out goblets of wine, and drank to the living and the dead,

“And cried, remembrance sadd’ning o’er each brow,
How had the brave who fell, exulted now!”

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

SIR JOHN BARROW, who, next to Lord P——, has incontestably the cleverest seat in England; in a supplementary chapter to his *Life of Lord Anson*, gives a very satisfactory statement as to the number of ships-of-war, *en disponibilité*, and shows that we have more than France and Russia, or than America, Egypt, and Turkey, put together. But then they are like empty houses to let. And how are they to be manned? If recourse is no longer to be had to kidnapping, crimping, man-stealing, or, in one word, to *impressment*, how, I repeat, are they to be manned?

A late First Lord of the Admiralty, in the course of the recent debates upon the navy estimates, took occasion to observe that, on quitting office, he had left a memorandum recording his opinion, “*that impressment was the prerogative of the crown*, and that whenever it was relinquished the star of our naval greatness would turn pale and decline.” But under what clause in the chapter of British freedom does he find this prerogative? Is it written in *Magna Charta* or the *Bill of Rights*?

The first article of any charter of constitutional freedom must be that, "*All men are equal before the law.*" Why then should not James—Sir James—Saint James—or any James—be as liable to impressment "from all protection" as Tom and Jerry?—and how would he the said ex-first Lord feel, if he, or any of his country cousins, when sauntering on the Solway Firth, were seized and sent to sea?

But how is the navy to be manned?

The reply is, by an amelioration of what is technically called the Marine Mutiny Bill, or the Rules and Regulations for the better government of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, the last article of which (I quote from memory) runs after this manner:—

"All crimes not capital, or not mentioned or provided for in these articles, shall be punished according to the usages and customs on board her Majesty's ships and vessels of war," &c.; which, being interpreted, means that any captain or commander of any ship or vessel of war may, for any offence, real or supposed, at his will, caprice, or discretion, tie up any seaman, marine, or soldier, whose name may be borne on the ship's books for provisions, and inflict lashes and gashes on his

back in a worse way than a whipper-in would rate a false hound.

I would, I say, ameliorate this canine law, and if corporal punishment must be, reserve it for the only terrible extremity on which it may be justified—mutiny; though, for that highest and most dangerous crime, I would prefer the penalty of death. Let the cat then be hung up at the yard-arm, and never be called down, but by the sentence of a court-martial.

A court-martial on board a single ship! exclaims some martinet of the old school; yes, I reply, a court-martial on board a single ship—and why not? Have you not in line-of-battle ships seven, eight, or nine lieutenants, with the rank of captains in the army, who always preside at regimental or detachment courts-martial?—and have you not a captain and two or three subalterns of royal marines?—and have you not a master and a surgeon, the fittest of all men to be consulted in the deliberations of a court-martial?—and in frigates have you not three or four lieutenants, one or two lieutenants of marines, a master and a surgeon?

But in brigs and cutters commanded by one lieutenant, and no lieutenant of marines—there I

would resort to every correction but the lash, till a vessel fell in with a consort, or put into port ; or if the emergency did arise—if rebellion was ripe, death might be instantly and justifiably executed upon the ringleader. Still, however, in a brig or a cutter, there are warrant-officers, a master, a boatswain, purser, and assistant-surgeon, and a serjeant commanding the detachment of royal marines. If the boatswain carries a rope's-end in his jacket pocket to start the last man up the ladder, and the serjeant a rattan to martinet it along the deck, surely these petty officers are, or ought to be, competent judges of crime, and capable of a just award of punishment.

It is remarkable that, amongst all the panaceas prescribed “for the encouragement of seamen to enter her Majesty's navy,” by commanders, captains, and flag-officers, secretaries, deputy-secretaries, and lords of the Admiralty, in or out of parliament, whether Tory, Whig, or Whig and something more, it never has occurred, nor will it be owned by any of them, that the vice is in the system, the sting is in the despotism, against which a free people, under whatever climate they breathe, will rebel. While the power of flogging at the caprice of the captain exists in the navy, no

man who is not drunk, insane, or a fool, will be found voluntarily to enter the service. Whenever the discipline of the navy has been before the House of Commons, no naval officer has been known to admit the anomaly of the commander of a man-of-war uniting in his own person the attributes of accuser, jury, judge, and executioner. On the contrary, they stickle for their *prerogative*, and uniformly declare, that this despotic power, more euphonically called, summary justice, is indispensable at sea.

Perhaps it is natural, constituted as poor humanity is, for these gentlemen to do so; and I war not with them, but the system. When I raise my hand and voice against it, I deny both the premises and the inference; I ascribe to it the increasing aversion for the naval service, and believe that the dry rot is not more pernicious to the ship than despotic power is abhorrent to the sailor. They both alike. eat into the heart of oak, pulverise, and destroy it.

It would be useless to deny that under the mixed tyranny of impressment and flogging, our fleets have been manned and have done wonders. The man-of-war of the martinet was indeed "the most astonishing piece of mechanism the world ever

saw." But the bow was bent to the uttermost ; time and intelligence have now broken it, and no human means can make it available again.

However, there is no occasion to be down-hearted. Britannia shall still "rule the waves." We have the same materials ; we have only to manage them differently and according to the times. Nothing stands still in this world ; the world travels almost as fast as light itself. Then why should naval despotism stick where it did in the days of Sir Cloudesley Shovel ? *

* There is no doubt but the Admiralty have issued instructions, which, if duly attended to, go a great way to soften the rigour of naval discipline. Still the snake is only scotched, not killed, as the following *recent* occurrence will go far to prove:—Lieutenant V——, of the Royal Engineers, and a detachment of Sappers and Miners, were on duty on the north coast of Spain, when one or more of these men committed some breach of military discipline, and Lieutenant V—— applied to the officer commanding the Royal Marine battalion, and the senior military officer on the spot, for a detachment court-martial, which Colonel O—— expressed his readiness to grant, desiring Lieutenant V—— at the same time to mention the circumstance, as a matter of courtesy, to the *commodore*, who replied, that the proposed ceremony of a court-martial was superfluous and unnecessary. He then ordered the Sappers and Miners to be taken on board the Tweed sloop of war (Commander Maitland), to whom he addressed a note, ordering

But in disarming the captain with one hand, I would trebly arm him with the other. He should have the full irresponsible power of pardon or mitigation of punishment from the sentence of court-martial held under his order by the officers of the ship under his command. Then the poor seaman, when he saw the cabin-door opened, (as he lay in irons, perhaps, on the threshold,) and his captain coming out, or passing in, would look at him as the only one through whose judgment and power justice might be softened by mercy; and when, in the course of a conscientious performance of his duty, he could remit or pardon! How endeared would he become to the culprit, whose agony he had assuaged, shortened, or better still, whose pardon perhaps he had graciously pronounced before the crew. I think, with this divine prerogative, no British captain can suppose I would desire to despoil him of his authority, or make him a cipher on board the ship whose destiny he rules.

After having protected the seaman from the capricious lash, against which, as the law now stands, no precaution, or character, or conduct *can* that, on their being brought on board, they were to have a good flogging each! and on their arrival on board the Tweed, they were tied up and flogged accordingly!!

assure him--which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a hair over his head, and that hair liable to be snapped in a moment of irritation by the captain--after having got rid of this foul blot on the naval character of England, then offer a fair bounty, and make a more equitable distribution of prize and freight money, which, to flag-officers out of sight, and captains in, is now egregiously partial. Revise and make a settlement of pensions for wounds and length of service, not susceptible of quibble, misinterpretation, and change, so that the sea-worn sailor may find a crust and a hammock, in his old age, in his cabin ashore. Do these things, and the strong predilection of the hardy inhabitants of our sea-girt islands for enterprise on their natural element will spontaneously show itself; and, as they now go willingly into the merchant-service, they will feel like men, and go like men up the sides of the wooden walls of Old England, and there, like true sons of the sea, fulfil the immortal Nelson's exhortation, and

“ EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.”

APPENDIX.

NAPOLEON, I imagine, was too good a judge seriously to believe that he could ultimately succeed in such an enterprise as the invasion of England. The fact, I suspect, is, that he started and kept up the idea, as a sort of balloon to amuse the people, to whom "shows" were (and are) as necessary as "bread;" and it was especially necessary for him to do so, while he was working out the decree, by which the Imperial Crown was voted to him by the servile senate. He had played Hannibal, and crossed the Alps, and overrun Italy; and he would fain add the part of Julius Cæsar, cross the Channel, and conquer Britain! Moreover, the concentration of an enormous flotilla and army at one point not only enabled him to foil the conspiracy of Pichegru and of Moreau, after himself, the most renowned and popular men of the French army, but it enabled him to appeal to that assembled multitude by whom he was most enthusiastically beloved, and who had great weight with the rest of the nation, to sanction and vote that the Imperial Crown should be hereditary in his family.

It should be stated also, that before his expedition to Egypt, Bonaparte had inspected Boulogne incognito, or rather in the assumed character of one of his own aids-de-camp. This event may be considered the date of the first modern project of invading England. He addressed himself, with proper credentials, to Captain Friocourt, commandant of the port ; asked him a thousand questions ; breakfasted with him ; visited the works ; examined the spots where landing or embarkation could be effected ; and then departed like a flash of lightning, leaving the mystified Captain-Commandant of the port in perfect astonishment as to the rarity and extent of "the aid-de camp's" information.

Some years afterwards, when, in common with a great part of the population of the United Kingdom, I visited Boulogne-sur-mer, I endeavoured to ascertain, from oral as well as written authority, what the force really consisted of, with which Napoleon promised to effect a descent upon merry England. The following is the result of my inquiries.

The vessels composing the Armada were of four descriptions.—1st. *The prams*, which measured 110 feet from head to stern, and 25 feet across the beam and drawing eight feet water. They were rigged as corvettes, with a complement of thirty-eight seamen, and carrying twelve twenty-four pounders. They preserved their equilibrium when dry, as well as when afloat, and their hold was fitted up as a stable, to convey fifty horses.

2nd. *The cannonnières*, drawing six feet water, measuring 76 feet from stem to stern, by 17 feet on the beam; brig-rigged, and a complement of twenty-two men; carrying three twenty-four pounders, and an eight-inch howitzer.

3rd. *The flat-bottomed boats*, drawing above four feet water, 60 feet long, by 14 in breadth. Lugger-rigged, carrying one twenty-four pounder, and one howitzer or field-piece, and a complement of six men: in the hold was a stable for two horses.

4thly. *The péniches*, also lugger-rigged, drawing three feet and a half water, measuring 60 feet by 10; carrying a six-inch howitzer, and a carronade, with a complement of five men.

Besides these, there was a smaller sort of boat called caiques, carrying one long twenty-four pounder; and also a multitude of transports of every description, galiots, cutters, brigs, doggers, galley-boats, Newfoundland boats, whale boats, &c., &c.; and lastly, yachts, fitted out with great luxury and taste, to carry the chief of the armament, his generals, and the principal officers. These superb vessels were worked by from four to ten seamen, and were of from 30 to 120 tons' burthen.

The prams were to take on board 120 soldiers, and fifty horses each; *the cannonnières*, 130 men; *the flat boats*, 130 soldiers, and two horses; and *the péniches* sixty-six rank and file. Besides their artillery, each vessel mounted a swivel gun; and the sailors were doubly armed.

The flotilla was separated into divisions, sections, and squadrons, commanded respectively by Post-Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants.

All this Armada, and in a great measure the Port which contained it, was the creation of Bonaparte. It had been worked out with incredible diligence and perseverance during two years, and was "*all ready* for sea," when, on the 19th of July, 1804, the new monarch arrived at Boulogne, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Reaching the Port, or place of embarkation, he beheld an obelisk of great architectural beauty, and on the four faces of the pedestal were inscribed these words :

NAPOLEON Ier.

EMPEREUR DES FRANCAIS.

LES DEUX MONDES TE DEMANDENT LA LIBERTÉ DES MERS,

ALBION PUNIE.

DU RUISSEAU DE LA LIANE PARTIRONT TES FOUDRES VENGERESSES.

This in plain English means—"Napoleon the First Emperor of the French, both worlds demand of thee the liberty of the seas,—and punishment to Albion. From the Rivulet of the Liane, thy avenging thunders shall depart."—On his arrival, the Emperor was saluted with a discharge of 900 pieces of cannon. Then, attended by the Prince of Neufchâtel, the Prince Eugene, Soult, and a numerous suite, he visited the forts, inspected the Armada, and reviewed the troops. The following morning he went afloat, set his expedition in motion, brought the English cruisers about his ears, and very narrowly

escaped being either shot or drowned. After this he was attacked by the elements:—a violent north-easter that night swept across the port, carrying confusion and destruction among his ships, and throwing the outer line, which was anchored with their broadside seaward, with violence against the shore, when some foundered and were lost. But in the midst of the storm Napoleon presented himself, and by his orders and example did all that was possible to renew enthusiasm, and repair disaster.

It was at this period that the Emperor passed several days in the midst of the camps, and was engaged in manœuvring the troops, or in visiting the flotilla; and now it was that he instituted the Legion of Honour for the reward of wounds and good service, and fixed the jubilee of the distribution of the crosses to the army on the 15th of August. All this was done with a “pomp and circumstance,” that not only announce him a great general, but a good judge of human nature.

One day, when Napoleon was visiting the left camp, a woman, called Marienne Kinard, threw herself at his feet, crying out, “Justice, Monsieur Bonaparte, justice!” On somebody observing to her that she was addressing the emperor, she again cried out, “Justice, Monsieur l’Empereur! the English have destroyed my house with their bombs: it is you who are the cause; it is you who ought to pay me!” “What did your house cost?” “1500 francs.” “You shall have them.” “Who will

pay them to me?" "This person," said the Emperor, pointing to general Guyot; "come this evening and the money shall be paid you."

The woman went accordingly to head-quarters, and by the hands of M. Sansot, the officer on guard, received the 1500 francs the Emperor had promised her.

After giving the necessary directions for the fête of the distribution of the crosses, Napoleon set out on the 17th of August, at 9 P.M. for Calais, where he arrived at midnight. At day-break he visited all that part of the coast which had any connexion with the expedition. On the 19th he was at Dunkerque, the 23rd in the camps of Ostend and Bruges, and on the 26th he returned to his barrack at the Tour de l'Ordre. There he received bishops, prefects, ministers, marshals, and senators. These receptions of the court of France were held on the heights of Boulogne, overhanging the sea, and within sight of England; and with the same ceremony that audiences are given in the palace of the Tuileries; and these plains on which the Roman Legions of Cæsar had encamped were, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, occupied by soldiers and a general, scarcely inferior in skill and valour.*

On the 28th all the troops from the camp at Montreuil, the reserve, the cavalry in the cantonments at St. Omer, Arras, Calais and other towns, having marched up, a general salute from the artillery told that the day

* Dr. Bertrand's History of Boulogne.

of jubilee had arrived. At nine o'clock the générale was beat in all the camps, and in the twinkling of an eye all the forces were in march towards a small valley situated on the borders of the sea, and half a league from Boulogne, between Hubert's Mill and the village of Jerlincthum. There the ground inclines gently towards the steep shore, and naturally forms an amphitheatre. It is a most favourable position in which to form large bodies of troops, and admit innumerable spectators. In the midst of this amphitheatre a platform was raised, upon which was placed the throne, with no other ornament but the standards, colours, and trophies taken from the enemy at Arcole, Lodi, Rivoli, Marengo, &c. At 12 o'clock the Emperor left his head-quarters on horseback, magnificently attended. One discharge of artillery announced his starting, and another his arrival in the midst of the army. Upon his throne sat the crowned soldier! On his right hand was his brother Joseph, afterwards king of Spain, and behind him the great officers of state. On a bench below were the ministers, marshals, senators, and generals. Below them again, and at the foot of the throne, were the inferior functionaries, military, civil, and religious. At the back of the platform the imperial guard were drawn up in order of battle, with the bands of all the corps on their right flank and more than 2000 drums on their left.

Before the throne sixty regiments were formed in twenty close columns, supported by twenty squadrons in order of battle. At the head of each column in platoons were the brave fellows destined to receive the

decoration of the Legion of Honour. Immediately behind them were the colours and the generals of each division.

A multitude of visitors from Paris, and the interior towns, united to the entire population of Boulogne, covered the country in all directions. At a signal given, the two thousand drums beat the charge, and in an instant the whole army moved. The columns advanced steadily, half the distance, which separated them from the throne. This was a glorious sight: 100,000 men marching together in a space which the eye could easily cover! It looked as if the hills were moving from an earthquake; and their bright arms, reflected in the rays of the sun, appeared like waves of steel. Another signal halted this mighty mass; and, as by enchantment, it stood still, and listened.

At this moment the High Chancellor pronounced a discourse adapted to the occasion; after which the Emperor took the oaths required by the statutes of the order, which was repeated by the whole army. The grand crosses, officers, commanders, and knights of the Legion of Honour, were then individually presented to His Majesty. The respective decorations had been placed in the helmets and bucklers of the ancient armour worn by Bayard, the renowned chevalier, "Sans peur et sans reproche," and the equally famous Duguesclin. From hence the Emperor took them as they had previously been decreed, and conferred them severally, according to the companions of his campaigns, and the partakers of his glory.*

* Bertrand's History.

Meanwhile the collected bands of the army played those airs most calculated to recal the past, and excite to future exertions.

After the distribution of the crosses, the army defiled before the throne, and returned to their respective camps, where double rations of wine, &c., were distributed to every man. Dinners were given by the officers of the respective corps to each other; banquets were given by prince Joseph, the Ministers, Marshals, and Admirals; and this ever-memorable fête, and inauguration of the Legion of Honour, which two succeeding dynasties have been obliged to respect, was concluded by a wonderful display of artificial fire on the mountain of Châtillon.

In return for this jubilee the army, at the suggestion of Marshal Soult, determined to raise a column to the Fame and Name of Napoleon; which, if it did not ultimately defy time, should outlive centuries: and the spot chosen, was that on which the monument now stands, two hundred metres from the high road to Calais. From this spot you command a view of Boulogne and its harbour, and, in the distance, the coast of England.

It may be worth while to add, that while Napoleon was staying at Boulogne a young English seaman, who was detained as a prisoner of war, in one of the dépôts in the interior, had escaped and concealed himself in the neighbouring forest of Hardelot, where he suffered the greatest privations. In the midst of the forest he contrived to form the hull of a small boat, twelve feet long by four

feet broad. It was composed of the branches of trees drawn tight together with strips of bark, and then covered with canvass rubbed over with tar, in such a way as to give it the appearance of a canoe. With these feeble means, and after the manner of the savages of America, did this daring youth intend to cross the Strait at Calais, unless in his passage he should fall in with some vessel of his country, which would take him on board. In this hope did he every day keep watch on the highest trees of the forest: at last, after long waiting, he saw an English brig so near the shore, as to offer him every chance of success. He instantly descended from the tree upon which he was perched, hoisted his boat upon his shoulders, and hurried to the sea-shore. But at the minute he was launching her into the sea he was seen by the patrol on the coast, was arrested, and carried into Boulogne as a spy.

This bold adventure was soon known to all the world, and became the subject of general conversation. Everybody wished to see the boat, which was shown in the court of the Naval Prefect. The Emperor desired to see both the boat and the prisoner, and they were brought before him. The youth stated, with the utmost simplicity, the means by which he proposed to reach England. The undertaking seemed utterly impracticable; but the seaman, who apprehended punishment for having deserted from the dépôt where he was kept, asked that, by way of commutation of punishment, he might be permitted to execute his project.—Napoleon

was charmed with his courage, and said to him,—“ Tu as donc bien envie de retourner dans ton pays ? ” *

“ No,” he replied, “ it is a beloved mother, poor and infirm, that I long to see again.” The Emperor was struck by this instance of filial affection, and set him instantly free; ordering him money and clothes (for he was destitute and almost naked), and that he should be forthwith conveyed to England: and he added with much feeling, “ Elle doit être bien bonne, sa mère, puisqu’elle a un si bon fils ! ” †

Don Carlos has crossed the frontiers and demanded hospitality from France, and it will be curious to see how his royal relative, Louis Philip, will treat him :—will he improve upon our hospitality to Napoleon, with whom we were at declared war, and make Castilian Charley, with whom he was at peace, a prisoner at large, at unhealthy Bourges ?

Bourges is a great ill-constructed town, formerly the capital of the province of Berry, and now of the department of the Cher : it stands on a rising ground, surrounded by swamps and marshes, between the rivers Evre and Auron, which here unite their streams : like Edinburgh, it is divided into the old and new town, and contains sixteen parishes, 3800 houses, and 18,500 inhabitants. Louis XI. was born here, and founded its renowned University. Bourges was originally called Avaricum, and was taken by storm by Cæsar, after a long siege,

* You are very anxious to return to your country ?

† “ She must be an excellent mother who has so good a son ! ”

and was considered the strongest place in Gaul. It is now the head-quarters of the General commanding the twenty-second military division, the seat of a royal court for the departments of the Cher, the Inche, and the Nièvre, and the head of an *arrondissement* containing ten cantons, and is situated nearly in the centre of France.

The only public buildings worth notice are a fine gothic cathedral, and a great tower, once, but I hope not, ominously, used as a state prison,—for poor Carlos (whose hand I have often pressed) has been basely betrayed by a wretch very properly described as uniting and combining in himself the two-fold character of Iscariot and Barabbas.—Yes, the pretender has been betrayed; and, although many may love the treason, all must abhor the blood-stained traitor; so that, while we rejoice gladly that civil war will cease in Spain, and that this favoured and sunny land, and its magnificent and beautiful children, are delivered from this moral Sirocco, this parching blast of the desert, we are almost afraid to inquire into the means by which that great blessing has been obtained — *en attendant*, however, our armed neutrality is at an end, and the fine battalion of Royal Marines, which gained such laurels at Hernani,* under Colonel Owen, and is now commanded by one of the best

* On the 17th of March, the day after the flight at Hernani, the telegraph at Bayonne gave the following message to the King of the French:—"A battalion of the Royal British Marines alone remained firm, and saved the artillery and the whole army," and every paper in Paris repeated the glorious news.

officers in the service, will return to England; and, if government act with prudence and *prévoyance*, they will profit by the occasion, and graft it on the remaining stem of the corps of Royal Marine artillery, and so make ready for conquest in that new species of warfare which the application of steam to the sea will inevitably produce.

Colonel Parke, C. B., who now commands them, was one of the first, and is amongst the ablest and most distinguished officers of the Royal Marine Artillery; and possesses every qualification to instruct his battalion, and make them in due season a perfect corps of artillery.

London, 25th September, 1839.

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Steele, (Sir) Robert
The marine officer

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